

HOLIDAY



TALES

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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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CHARLES

Page 9.

HOLIDAY TALES.

BY

A FRIEND TO YOUTH.

ILLUSTRATED WITH TWENTY-TWO ENGRAVINGS

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ELLEN.

WHEN little Ellen asked her maid why the dog looked at her ; instead of telling her the truth, which was, that he hoped she would give him something to eat ; she said he was watching her, to see whether she would be a good child all day, or a naughty one. Ellen desired to know what he would do to punish her, if she were naughty ; and Mary told her that he would tear her frock and scratch her—nay, perhaps, bite her.

Poor Ellen was very much frightened, because she believed all that her maid told her ; not once supposing she would be guilty of a falsehood ; and was very much surprised when, as she was sitting, the next morning, very quietly on the sofa by her Mamma's side, learning her lesson, Pompey, being let in the room, put his two paws upon her lap, tore her muslin frock, and scratched her

arm.—I must here beg my little reader not to be angry with Pompey; he was a very good-natured dog, and had no intention to hurt Ellen; but as she was always feeding him, he had learned to be very troublesome; and if she did not take notice of him when he came near her, he made no ceremony of putting her in mind of him, in some way or other.

When the little girl felt the smart of the scratch on her arm, she surprised her Mamma by assuring her, with tears in her eyes, that she had not done any thing naughty the whole day. But when Mamma was told how Mary had deceived her child, she was very angry indeed, and would have sent her away, if Ellen had not begged her Mamma to pardon her, upon her promising never again to utter a word but what was strictly true, but to teach her young lady to know, that it was God who always watched over her, and would reward her, if she were a good child, or punish her, if she were naughty.

LITTLE CHARLES

CHARLES was a fine boy of four years of age ; his cheeks were like two red apples, for he spent great part of the day in the garden, running about and rolling on the grass ; that is, from seven o'clock in the morning till twelve, at which time his Grandpapa was ready to receive him, and not sooner. The moment the clock struck that hour, away he ran, and bounced into the room, where he knew he was always welcome ; and the old gentleman, calling him to sit upon his knee, usually asked what he had been doing, and whether he had learned his lesson. Charles was not very fond of his book ; and his Grandpapa often told him that if he did not learn to read, when he grew

up, he would be called Sir Charles Dunce, and all the boys in the town would laugh at him: but he did not mind it much; he only kissed his Grandpapa, and said he would learn his lesson when he could find time. One day, he entered the room, saying he was very unhappy indeed; and, taking his seat upon his Grandpapa's knee, told him that little Johnny Gibson had got a jacket and trowsers, whilst he was kept, like a girl, in petticoats; and that he thought it was very hard upon him, "a great boy as I am," said he, "more than four years old! There is my sister Maria always calling me, *Miss Charley*—a little thing like her, no bigger than my thumb!"

"Indeed, Charles, it is a very sad thing," said his Grandpapa, "but I must tell you that it is your own fault; John Gibson can read little Tales and Dialogues, in words of one syllable, and has had his jacket and trowsers as a reward for his attention to his learning, whilst you are so idle that you scarcely know your letters; you

must therefore content yourself with your petticoats for some time longer."

Charles was much ashamed, and hung down his head for some minutes, but from that time he learned his lesson every day, and never went to run in the garden till he had done it ; so that in a few months he had the pleasure of seeing himself dressed in a jacket and trowsers, and equal in all respects to John Gibson, and every other boy of his age.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS LITTLE DOG.

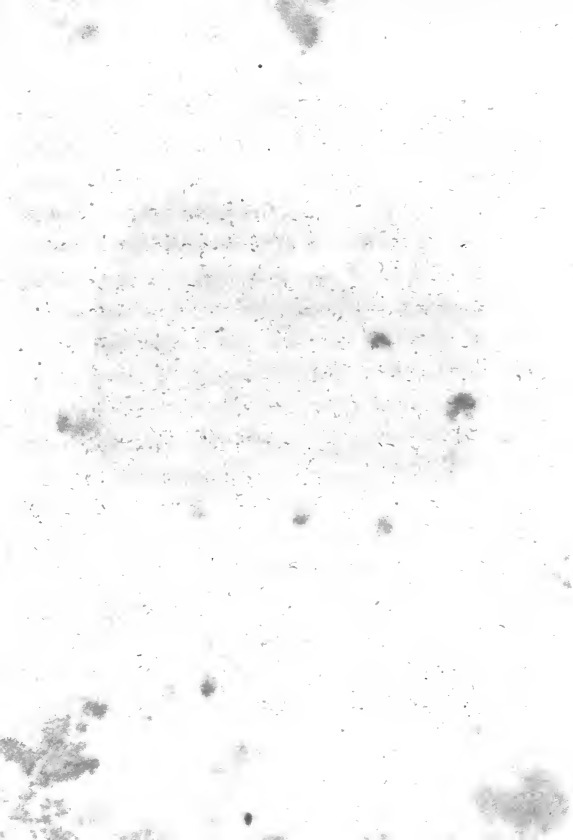
"PRAY tell me," said Charles to his Papa, "why that man keeps his poor dog tied fast with a cord.—I dare say, he would like better to run about in the lanes and fields. I am sure I should like it better : do you not think I should, Papa?"

"I am very certain you would," replied his Papa. "but you mistake the matter ; that poor man is blind, and if he had not that little dog to lead him about in the right path, he would fall into the first ditch or pit that came in his way, and be killed.

"I know the man very well, he was not always so poor as he now is, and he could once see very well, and his dog



THE BLIND BEGGAR.



ran by his side whenever he went out; and if he went into a house, he laid himself quietly down at the door till his master came out again, and then up he jumped, wagging his tail and looking so pleased, and away they trotted together, as happy and contented as could be. At breakfast and dinner, he was sure to be close to the man's chair, who was so fond of him that he always gave him part of what he had to eat, and put a pan of nice clear water, every morning, in a corner of his room, for him to drink; but at length he grew very ill and could not work, and he was obliged to sell his clothes and his bed, to buy meat for himself and his dog; and then his eyes were bad, and they became worse and worse; and in a short time he was quite blind, and was forced to beg his bread from house to house.

“Now, my dear Charles, he could not even do that, if he had not his dog to lead him about; and you may also see that the little animal is not tired of walking slowly with his old master, but creeps along just as he feels the cord,

because he loves the man who has always been kind to him, fed him well, and never beat him, nor pinched his tail and pulled his ears to make him angry, as naughty boys often do to their dogs."

Charles was much pleased with what his Papa had told him, and begged leave to give his new sixpence to the man, that he might buy some dinner for himself and his kind little dog

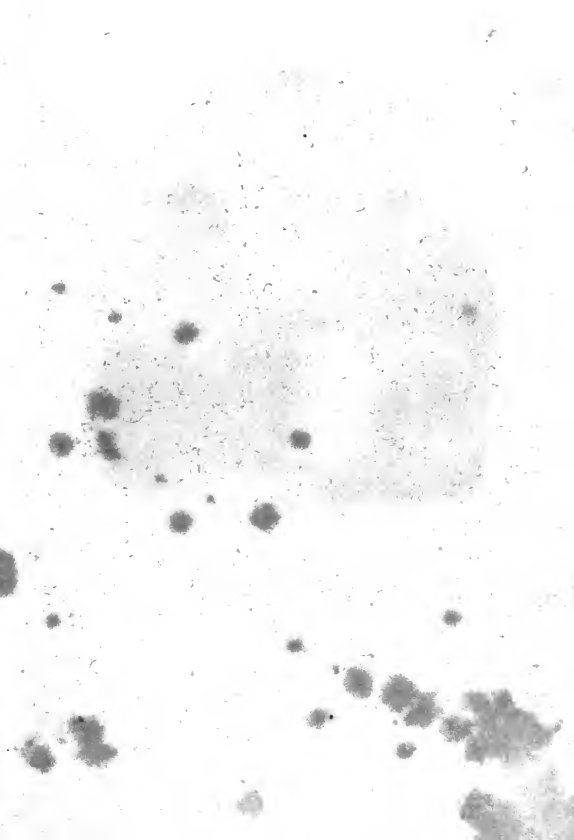
NAUGHTY FRED. HARDING.

FREDERICK HARDING was a very naughty boy, for he was a great tell-tale, and, moreover, did not always speak truth, so that nobody liked him ; and when his brothers and sisters were asked to go out, he was always kept at home, because his Papa and Mamma were ashamed of him, and afraid he would do or say something he ought not to do, if he were out of their sight or hearing.

One day, he got into the stable, and finding his brother's pony ready saddled, got upon it, and galloped away a mile or two, till passing near a cottage, where he saw an old woman, he got off, fastened the pony to a gate, and going up to her, told her there were two or three boys in the orchard behind the cottage stealing her apples. He

thought it would be fine fun to frighten the old woman, and make her run out to save her apples, and still better if, in her haste, she were to fall down ; he did not consider that the poor old creature might break a leg or an arm, and he was so naughty that he would not have been sorry if she had.

He was, however, much disappointed ; for she was so very deaf, that although he put his mouth close to her ear, and bawled so loud that one would have thought he might be heard half a mile off, he could not make her hear a single word. He was very much vexed at having had his trouble for nothing, he said, so he would ride back, and see what fun he could have at home ; but when he came to the gate he found the pony had taken a fancy to go home before him, and having got the bridle off from the gate, had trotted away, whilst the young gentleman was telling falsehoods to Goody Dobson. He was therefore obliged to walk back ; and it began to rain very hard, so that he was soon wet to the skin ; and, being very warm





THE NAUGHTY GIRL.

with walking, he caught a bad cold and a fever, which confined him to his bed, and it was nearly three months before he got his health and strength restored to him.

**MISS CHARLOTTE WHO SPILLED THE TEA
OVER HER FROCK.**

Mrs. MORRIS had desired her little girl at least ten times to make haste and drink her tea, but she did not mind her : she did nothing but play silly tricks, sometimes stirring it as fast as she could, to make a bit of tea leaf turn round in the cup, then pouring it into the saucer, and putting small bits of crust to swim in it, calling them her boats and ships.

A fly on the table was the next foolish thing to play with; she must put a bit of sugar near, she said, that it might eat it; and when she had made it fly away, she wished to wait till another came to eat the sugar.

Her Mamma called her naughty disobedient child; but she did not hurry herself a bit more, till Mrs. Morris went out of the room, and returned with her bonnet and shawl on, saying, that she intended to take her to see some beautiful gardens, and eat some fruit; but as she had been so naughty she must stay at home; then she began to drink her tea so fast that she almost choked herself, and crammed the bread and butter into her mouth in such a manner, that the servant, who was waiting, could not help laughing when he looked at her. But all her haste was of no use; Mrs. Morris told her that her Grandmamma's carriage was at the door, that she had been so good as to say she would call for them, and she would not keep her waiting a moment; so away went Mamma, and there sat Miss Charlotte, the tea spilled all

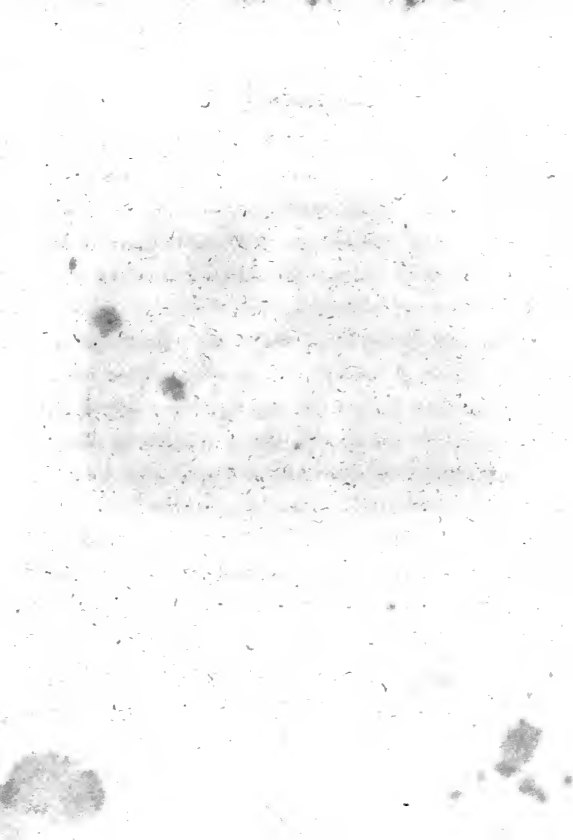
over her frock, her mouth and cheeks daubed with bread and butter, and tears streaming from her eyes. And though she screamed as loud as she could, to let her know she had done, and that she was very sorry that she had been naughty, it was too late; her Mamma was too far off to hear her, and the young lady was glad to hide herself up stairs that the servants might not see and laugh at her.

TOMMY MORRISON.

TOMMY MORRISON was one of the best boys in the world. His father was but a poor man, who got his bread by working in the gardens of the gentlemen living in the neighbourhood, and his mother gained a little money by spinning and knitting. Tom always went to work with his father, to help him in the gardens, and wheeled away the weeds and litter in a little wheel-barrow, which his father had made for him; so he was obliged to go and return a great many times; however, he was not an idle boy, and was always happy when he could help his father, though ever so little: and he did nothing but whistle and sing all the time, that the men, who were at work, might see that he was willing and glad to be employed.



TOMMY MORRISON



He had a brother and sister, much younger than himself and he was so kind to them that they loved him dearly, and were always longing for evening, in the winter, when Tom would come home and sit down between them by the fire-side, and tell them little stories, or sing songs to them.

Their mother being ill and not able to go to market, she was, one day, obliged to send Tom to the next town to buy a bit of meat to make broth, some tea, and other things, which she wanted. "O dear!" cried little Mary, "what a long way off it is! Tom will never come back!" Edward then began to cry, "O dear! Tom will be lost! Tom will be lost!" And their mother had enough to do to quiet them, by telling them it was only two miles, and their brother would return before dinner time. So he took up his basket, and walked away, the two children promising to be very good. And so they were; but they could not be happy without their brother; so as the time

drew near when they expected him to return, they went out into the road, and seated themselves there, that they might see him a few minutes sooner. Upon every noise they heard, they said, "Here comes Tom?" But it was sometimes a sheep, sometimes a cow, and they were often disappointed; at length they heard him singing, and in an instant he was close to them, when, taking a nice cake out of his basket, he held it out to them, telling them that he had one for each.

Mary and Edward were very glad of the cakes, but they were better pleased to see their brother, and they went home as happy as could be. And they were always happy, for they were good, never quarrelled, as some children do, nor disobeyed their parents, but did as they were ordered, and were kind and civil to every body.



THE BALLOON.

THE BALLOON.

"O HARRY, Harry! pray come here," cried Harriet to her brother, who was gathering wild flowers at a little distance, to make a nosegay for her: "do pray come, and tell me what that great thing is, which I see in the sky."

Harry ran directly to see the strange sight, but he laughed as he ran toward her, because he thought it could be nothing but a cloud. He had often seen clouds very oddly shaped, sometimes like little boys and girls, sometimes like houses; for he was a very clever little boy, observed every thing, and liked to be told the meaning of what he saw

With all his cleverness, however, Master Harry was very much surprised when his sister pointed out a great round thing mounting in the air with something hanging at the

lower part of it, just like their Papa's boat, which was kept in the boat-house near the river. "What can it be, Harriet?" said he, "it makes me think of a picture in one of my little books, where there is a great monstrous bird flying away with a poor lamb—but look! look! there are two men in that thing like a boat—O dear!—and flags!"

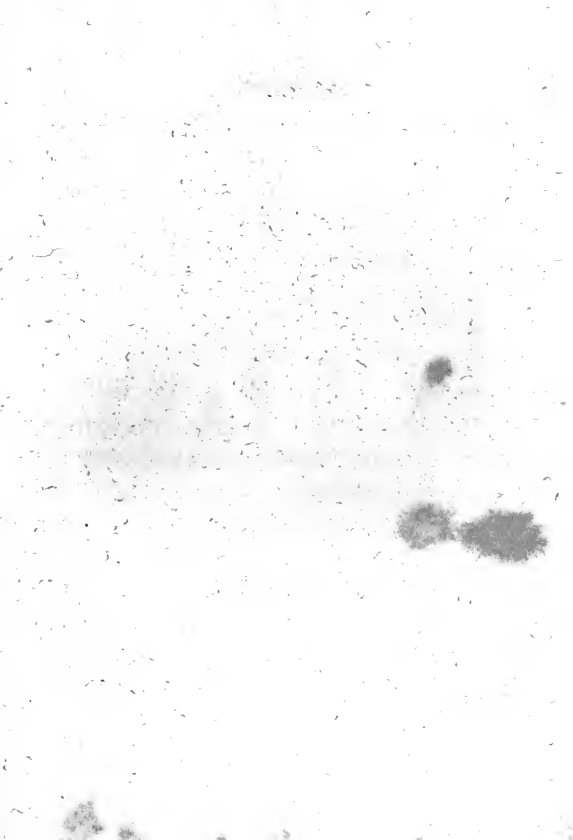
"I am frightened," said little Harriet, getting close to her brother, who was two years older than herself. "Suppose it were to fall down upon us, boat, and men, and all; we should be killed, Harry!—but here comes old Giles, perhaps he can tell us what sort of creature it is which is flying away with the two poor men."

They went up to Giles directly; but he could only tell them that the strange thing was called a Balloon, and that the men in the boat were two very clever gentlemen, who had found out the way to make the Balloon go up to the clouds, and even pass through them. "How it is done," added he, "I am but a poor labourer, and, as you may sup-

pose, not learned enough to be able to tell you; nor would you perhaps understand me if I could: but your Papa will explain it to you when you are older. All that I can say is, that if my father had had money to put me to school, I do not think it would have been thrown away, for I dearly love books, Master Harry, but, alack-a-day! I have no time for reading.

“I have no doubt but that the two gentlemen whom you see with the Balloon, when they were little boys, spent the greatest part of their time in learning their lessons, and reading such books as were given to them; and so they got on from little books to large books, till they grew up to be young men, and they found out this wonderful way of paying a visit to the clouds. Who knows, Master Harry, if you are not an idle young gentleman, but mind your lessons rather than spend all your time in play—who knows, I say, what wonderful thing you may one day find out?”

Harry was much delighted at the thought of being a man of learning, and as the Balloon was now out of sight, he ran home, to ask his Papa a dozen or two of questions ; and little Harriet was glad the *great creature* was gone, for she could not help being afraid that it would fall upon her head.





NINE-PINS.

THE NINE-PINS

"PRAY, nurse," asked Mrs. Maynard, "where are the children?"

NURSE.

"They are playing very quietly with Master William's Nine-pins, Madam; I shall go for them by and by, to take a walk—we shall go as far as the village. That dear little Miss Mary, though she is only four years old, has wrapped up her old shoes in a paper, as neatly as I could have done it, and is going to take them to Fanny for her little girl. You cannot think, Ma'am, how happy she is, that you gave her leave to do so. And Miss Frances, who likes to do as her sister does, has got *her* gift ready. The dear creature wanted to carry her coral necklace to

Fanny ! However, we have found two old night-caps, of which she has also made up her little parcel."

MRS. MAYNARD.

"I am very happy to hear that my children are so good, but I am much afraid, if William comes home, and finds them at play with his Nine-pins there will be sad work. I wish he were as good as his sisters ! But he is so passionate, and so cross to them and to the servants, always speaking in such a rude manner to every one, that I am quite vexed to perceive it. But we must find some way or other to break him of these naughty tricks."

A violent scream from the girls made their Mamma and nurse judge that the rude boy had arrived ; and they hurried toward the spot where they were at play, fearing he might hurt them. And it was well they did so ; for he was in such a rage at their having *dared*, he said, to touch his toys, that he was beginning to beat them with the

Nine-pins, and would have hurt them very much indeed if he had not been prevented.

Mrs. Maynard put all the Nine-pins into a basket, and then took William into the kitchen, where the cook was preparing a large fire to roast a piece of beef. She then directed her to put all the pretty painted Nine-pins, one by one, between the bars of the grate, and the two balls on the top; and this was done while William, held fast by a man servant, was made to look on, till they were all burned.

PEDLER JOHNNY.

It was a happy day at * * * * for all the children, when *Pedler Johnny* was seen coming down the hill into the village. I should not say *all* the children, for there were some among them who had not a single penny to lay out, and these poor things could only look at his basket, admire his painted Harlequins and his Whips, penny Horses, Tin Soldiers, and pretty Pictures; and when they had looked till they were tired, or were pushed away by some rude boy or girl, who had a penny or sixpence to spend, whoever happened to be present might see by their behaviour what kind of children they were. Some cried and roared, that they might have been heard a half a mile off, rubbing their eyes with their dirty hands, till their faces were full as dirty; others did not choose to be pushed away, but fought with those who pushed them: but the good children knew if their parents had had a penny or a sixpence to

spare, they should have been able to buy a toy as well as the others ; and if they were too poor, it would be wrong in them to desire it.

A good old gentleman who happened to be walking through the village, watched the behaviour of the children, who surrounded Johnny's basket : after some time, he observed a quiet little boy and girl, who were looking with longing eyes at all the pretty things, but bought nothing, while the others were showing them what they had bought and were going to carry home : at length, a rude boy, giving each a blow on the back, pushed them away from the basket, and the poor little creatures with tears in their eyes were creeping slowly towards home, when the gentlemen asked them why they were going away without buying a toy ?

The gentleman was soon told the reason ; but they begged he would not think they were crying about the toys, for they knew very well that their mother had no money

to spare ; she wanted all she could get to buy bread for them ; but they could not help crying because the boy had hurt them.

The old gentleman was so pleased with these little children, that he led them one in each hand back to Pedler Johnny, and bought as many toys for them as they could carry home, whither he went with them to see their mother, gave her some money to buy meat, and was kind to them always from that day.

INDUSTRIOUS MARIA WHO LEARNED TO SEW.

MARIA was very fond of needle-work ; she was but a very little girl, yet she could sew and hem better than many who were much older ; and she liked to do such work as would be of use, and not to snip up and mangle every bit of muslin or silk that was given to her. Maria had more sense ; she knew that it was wrong to waste any thing ; and if she had a bit of silk in her basket, it was ten chances to one but that it would be enough to make a pincushion at least, which some one or other would be glad to have. She very often wished she could work well enough to make clothes for poor children ; and her Mamma told her, that, if she continued to improve, she might do any kind of work in another year, and that she should have some old cloth and make baby linen, “ Indeed, Maria,” said her Mamma, “ I think you work well enough now to make a

little shirt, if I pin it for you ; it is almost all hemming and sewing."

"Dear, dear Mamma," said the little girl, "how glad I should be to make a baby's shirt ; if you will but show me how to do it, I will try as much as ever I can to do it well."

The little shirt was cut out, and Maria, with her table before her, her scissors, her pincushion, and all things in order, went to work, as happy as a queen—happier than many little girls who have had sweetmeats and playthings given to them.

The shirt was made in a few days, what is more, very neatly made, for such a child. As soon as it was done, it was given to Sarah, to wash and iron it very nicely ; and then it was pinned up in a paper, and Maria and her Mamma walked to the cottage of a poor woman, who she knew would be glad to have it. Maria told her, that she did not think she could work well enough yet to make a cap, but

she hoped in a short time to be able to bring one for her baby.

The first thing she did was to make a large bag, which she called her baby's bag, and in that she put every bit of cloth, muslin, flannel, &c. which might be useful; and she often begged ladies, who came to the house, to give her some old linen to put into her bag; so that when she went to work, she had always plenty of cloth; and as she never tired of her needle, she gave so much baby-linen to the poor of the village that they loved her, and prayed for blessings upon her as long as they lived.

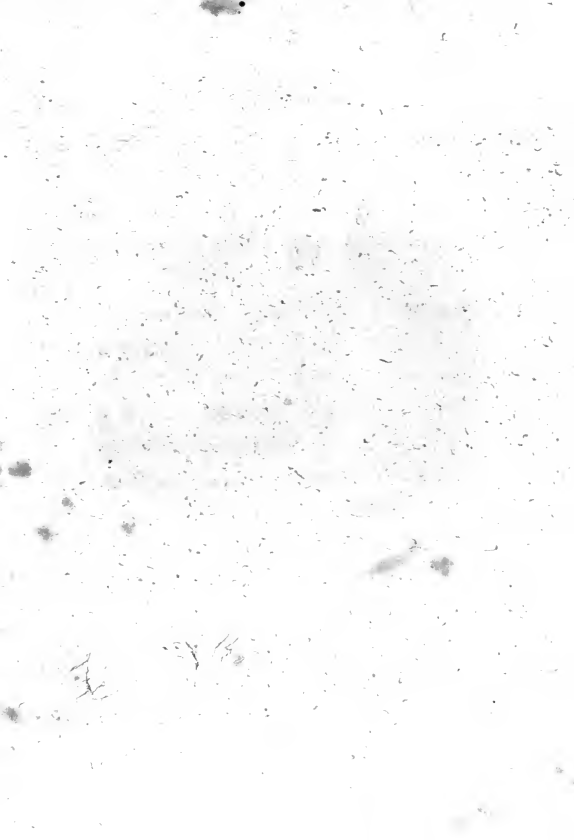
LITTLE JANE PRIMROSE

JANE PRIMROSE had the care of her mother's poultry ; she was not a very poor woman, so she told her little girl she should have all the money the eggs sold for, to buy her a new frock and a straw bonnet in the summer : and desired her to be very careful of them, and give plenty of corn to her hens ; and to be sure to put all the poultry into the hen-house at night, and fasten the door, that she might find them safe in the morning

“ The care of these pretty little creatures will be a very good thing for you, Jane,” added her mother ; “ for I think you are rather lazy in the morning, and do not much like to get up ; though when the sun shines in at the casement and through the curtains of your bed, I think it is a shame for you to lie there, sleeping and wasting your time ; I call it wasting time, when any one sleeps longer than



JANE PRIMROSE.



needful ; besides, my dear, early rising is good for the health ; and a little girl, who lives in a farm house, and hears the ploughboys and the milkmaids moving at five o'clock, may surely rise at six in summer and seven in winter."

"But why must I rise early for the chickens and hens?" Jane asked. "I am so sleepy in the morning, that I cannot open my eyes." "It *must* be done, my dear," replied her mother, "or you must give up the care of them to your brother ; for as they go to roost at sunset, they like to be let out at the first peep of daylight, that they may enjoy the fresh air, and search about the barn-door for something to eat. After a few mornings, you will awake without being called, and your cheeks will be as rosy as Dorothy's the milk-maid."

Jane was a good child, and followed her mother's advice ; she jumped up the moment she was called, though her eyes were scarcely open ; but before the end of the week,

she awoke without being called, and went down to open the door of the henhouse : then she was so amused, that she would not have suffered any other person to let the poultry out on any account ; each tried to get first ; some flew over her head, some over her shoulders ; and there was so much noise and bustle among them, that Jane was quite delighted.

Every thing went on well ; and when the summer came she had so many shillings and sixpences in her little bag, that she could scarcely believe her own eyes ; for she had never seen so much money at one time : but this good little girl, instead of thinking of herself, and her new frock and bonnet, carried her bag to her mother, and when she put it into her hand, begged she would buy a gown for herself, as *her* Sunday frock and bonnet were still good, and would do very well sometime longer.

Jane lost nothing by her good-nature ; for her mother

bought her the things she had promised, and moreover two pretty white hens, to add to her stock.

LITTLE LAURA.

THERE was once a little girl, who lived with her mother, in a house by the roadside ; it was a very pretty house, and had a flower garden before it, with an apple-orchard on one side, and a poultry-yard and a dairy on the other. This little girl was called Laura ; and she was a very good child, obedient to her parents, and good-natured and kind to her neighbours and acquaintances, so that every body loved and were glad to see her at their houses ; but where she spent the most of her time was at the house of an old lady, who had taken a great liking to her, because

she behaved so properly at church, where instead of gaping round and standing on tip-toe, to peep into the pews, as many children do, without thinking of the place they are in, she minded nothing but the clergyman; and as she had been taught to know when to kneel and when to stand up, she never neglected to do so at the proper times. She often went to breakfast with this old lady, and spent the whole day with her; and there was a pretty little summer-house in the garden, and she had it nicely furnished with a little table and two or three green chairs, and a green blind to shade it from the sun; and it was called Laura's own parlour; and Mr. and Mrs. Martin (that was the lady's name) ordered her tea-table to be taken into the summer-house, one fine afternoon, and told Laura she intended to drink tea with her; so Laura was mistress of the tea-table that day, and poured out the tea, and helped her friend to some cake, and bread and butter, and was as happy as a queen.

In the winter, she had a scarlet cloak and bonnet, which made her look something like little Red Riding-Hood, and she went to see Mrs. Martin almost every day ; for though she could not be so well amused as in summer, she never neglected her good friend, who was so kind her ; and if she happened to be unwell, she either staid with her to sit by her side and ring her bell when she wanted any thing, or went two or three times a day to know if she were better.

Thus the little Laura was the happiest child in the world ; and all children may be happy if they follow her example.

ELEANOR WILMOT AND HER BROTHER

WILLIAM.

ELEANOR WILMOT had a brother, four years older than herself; she was very fond of him; and when his uncle, who was master of a trading vessel, said he would take him to sea with him, she cried so much that her mother was afraid she would be ill; but when they told her that it would be for his advantage, and that he might one day have a ship of his own, as his uncle had, although she was just as unwilling to part with him as she had before been, she thought it would be better to hide her sorrow from her brother, that he might not think she was grieving at what



ELEANOR WILMOT.

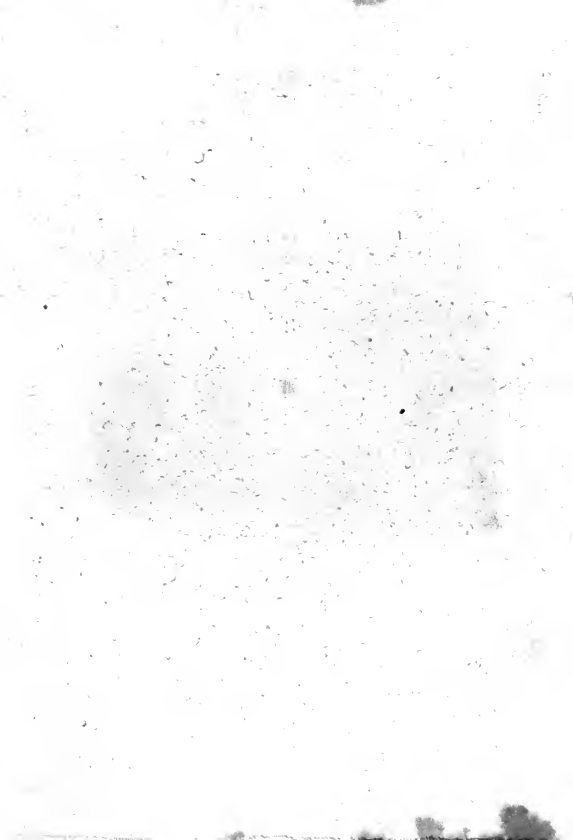


was so much for his good ; so, on the day he went away, she tried to smile, though her eyes were full of tears, and bade him take care of himself, and make haste to return.

As soon as he was gone on board, and the ship had sailed to some distance, Eleanor took her dear brother's dog Carlo and went down to the beach, and there she sat down on the pebbles, crying sadly, and saying to the dog, who was by her side, "Poor William is gone to sea ; I will pray to God to watch over him and take care of him upon the sea, as he has done upon the land, and I hope he will soon return to us again." Carlo did not know what she was saying, but he wagged his tail when she spoke and looked at the ship, for he had seen his master go into it, and would have been glad to go with him, if they would have let him.

After some months, William came home ; and he brought so many pretty shells and beautiful birds to his sister, that

she was quite delighted; and he looked so well, and appeared so happy, that she thought it would be wrong to grieve when he went again, particularly as he was never long away at a time; and she and Carlo, whenever the ship was expected, spent half the day on the beach, hoping to see it come round the Point, that she might be the first to run and tell her father and mother the joyful news.





MISS CECIL

MISS CECIL, WHO WENT INTO THE COUNTRY.

MISS CECIL lived in New-York, and hardly ever saw any thing but streets and houses; so when she went to spend a month in the country with some friends of her Papa, she did nothing but run about, calling upon every one to look at this beautiful tree, and that sweet pretty shrub. This town lady did not know that these were not new sights to them, though they were to her; indeed, all was new to her, and she was so pleased, that she scarcely gave herself time to eat.

One day, she rambled so far, that she hardly knew where she was; at length she got through some bushes, and found herself upon a hill, and under the hill was

a small river, and a pretty bridge; Miss Cecil had a great mind to go over to the other side, because she saw two or three white houses, and she wished to know who lived in them.

Away she went down the hill, and over the bridge in a minute; and then she walked up to the first cottage in the road. The window was open and she peeped into it; but who can guess what she saw?—a little girl, not more than eight years old, teaching her brothers and sisters to read and spell! Miss Cecil thought this the prettiest sight she had yet seen, and gave the young schoolmistress a bright new half dollar; and when she went home, she told the lady of the house what she had seen; and she was so pleased to hear of this good little girl, that, the next morning, she desired Miss Cecil to show her the way to the white house over the bridge, and went down to it with all the company she had in the house. Every one gave something to the little schoolmistress, and she

had so much money, that her mother bought new clothes for her and her sisters and brothers, which they very much wanted ; and Miss Cecil was very happy that, in her rambles about the country, she had been able to do good to a little girl, who appeared so well to deserve it.

THE GOOD GRANDSON.

HERE comes a jolly tar! But not Eleanor Wilmot's brother William, though he is just as good a boy, and as happy has he is, when he comes home from sea, and finds all his friends well, and his little brothers and sisters smiling and pleased to see him. One climbs upon his knee, another behind his chair, and another seizes on his hands.

This jolly little tar brought presents to them all, and they would have kept him the whole day thanking him for the pretty things; but he got away from them as soon as he could, to run and see his poor old Grandmother Truelove, who had nursed and watched over him when he was a sickly child; and he never forgot her kindness. He ran into the house, where he found her sitting in her elbow chair by the fire, and emptied his pockets upon the table near her.



THE GOOD GRANDSON.



“Here is a warm shawl for you, my dear Grandmother,” said he, putting one on her shoulders, “it will make you comfortable this winter; and here is a pair of gloves, to wear when you go to church—put your hand into one of them, they are lined with skin, and will keep your fingers warm; and these shoes, which are also lined with fur, will warm your feet: and I hope you like my little presents; I should be a very bad boy, if I had not thought of you, for you were kind to me when I could not help myself; you have lost many a night’s sleep, sitting by my little bed when I was ill!—No, my dear Grandmother, I will never forget you!”

The good old woman was so delighted with the kindness of her Grandson, that she did not give herself time to admire his presents: but the following Sunday when she put on her warm shawl, her fur shoes, and her gloves, she felt the comfort of them so much, that she stopped every person she met to talk to them about it, and to praise her Grandson for his kindness to her.

CAROLINE AND HER GARDEN.

"PRAY, Papa," said Caroline, "do let me have a garden of my own! Tom and Anne and Mary will never let any thing grow; what they plant one day, they remove the next; and so the flowers die; they do not give any thing time to take root; and then, Papa, they sow seeds, and a day or two after they begin scratching to see whether they are growing; and they dig up my shrubs just as they do their own; I never can have any thing with them and I do so love a garden, and I will keep it so neat, and take so much care of it, if you will but try me!—Will you, dear Papa?"

Papa consented, and Caroline had a pretty bit of garden ground given to her, which Nicholas had directions to put in order for her; and after that, except now and

then a few jobs, which she could not do, because she was not strong enough, she was to take care of it and weed and water it herself. Caroline was up early the next morning, and found some beautiful shrubs and flowers already planted in her garden; for Nicholas was very fond of her, because his wife had been her nurse, and so she was sure to have the best of every thing; and as she was not so whimsical as her brother and sisters, but let the things grow where they were planted, when the summer came, her little garden was so blooming that every one went to admire it; and she had very often a pretty nosegay to give her Mamma.

She watered her plants and trees when the weather was very warm, and the earth dry; and she had a little watering-pot of her own, and a rake and a hoe; and when she saw any straggling branches, she was sure to tie them up, and was, as she always said, as busy as a bee.

THE SOLDIERS' RETURN FROM NEW-ORLEANS.

"WHAT is the matter with the children?" said old Ralph the miller to himself, when he saw a little boy and girl on a rising ground near the road, one throwing his hat up into the air, the other waving a branch of a laurel-tree almost as big as herself, and both of them whooping and huzzaing as if they had been crazed. "Why Master Frederic! Miss Julia!" cried he, going up to the place where they were, "what is all this noise for?"

"Dear me, Ralph," answered the boy, "you must be blind and deaf, surely; pray look down the road, and see what a number of soldiers there are coming this way, and how shining and fine they are, and their music and drums? —Why, Ralph, do you not hear their drums?"

"I do now," said Ralph; "but you and Miss made



THE RETURN FROM NEW-ORLEANS.



such a noise, I could hear nothing else ; and besides, at such a distance I did not notice the drums. I am so used to our mill, that I do not much mind noises ; but can you tell me, Master Frederick, where all these men come from ?”

“They come from New-Orleans,” replied Frederick : “my Papa told me they were coming this way, and he is gone on horseback to meet them ; for we have an uncle and a cousin among them.”

Ralph now asked Frederick if he could tell him what part of the United States New-Orleans was to be found in ; and Frederick, who was a clever little boy, and often looked over the maps with his Papa, told him that it was in the State of Louisiana, on the Mississippi river, and that his Papa had told him they had been there to fight the English, to preserve their liberty, and prevent their taking the Americans’ money and houses from them.

“Bless me !” cried Ralph, “it is well they went, or

what would have become of my poor mill ! my potatoe garden, my flower garden, and my bees ? Good morning, my young master and Miss Julia, I will get home before they pass by my door, and bring out a cask of my best ale, that they may drink the President's health, and liberty forever.

POLITENESS.

THERE was once a young lady, who was very plain in her person, but so foolish and so vain, that she fancied herself quite beautiful, and that her shape was admired by every one who looked at her; but she was very much mistaken: for as she had never been obedient when she was a little girl, the more she was desired to hold up her head and sit straight on her chair, the more she stooped and squeezed herself into a corner, so that she was more awkward than I can possibly describe; and whenever she moved to walk across the room, she twisted herself into so many odd shapes, that she was quite ridiculous.

So far, this young lady is the only one to be blamed; and I wish I had nothing more to relate, but I cannot help it. I do not only wish my little readers, when they see

any thing wrong in others, not to imitate the fault, but that they should never laugh at, or make a mock of it; and if little George and his sister Fanny had followed my advice, they would not at this moment be confined to the nursery, after having been sent in disgrace, out of the drawing-room.

The young lady above-mentioned went, a few days since, to visit their Mamma: and as soon as she entered the room, a gentleman, nearly as fantastical as herself, rose up to give her a chair. The rest of the company, whatever they thought, were too well bred to laugh, or appear to take notice of the bowing and twisting of the gentleman and lady: but George and Fanny, I am sorry to say it, stood up directly behind them, he imitating one and Fanny the other, in such a manner that they thought every one present would be much amused with their cleverness: but they were disappointed, for the company frowned instead of laughing, and their Mamma ordered them both to quit

the drawing room, and forbade them to enter it again till they knew better how to behave themselves.

THE DANGER OF SWINGING,
AND HOW EDWARD AND LUCY WERE HURT.

EDWARD DAVIES, with his sisters Lucy and Anne, went to spend a day in the country; they were all up at six o'clock in the morning, and found breakfast ready when they arrived at their friend's house; tea and cream, and hot cakes, and currant cakes besides; and Edward and Lucy began to devour them as fast as they could eat; but little Anne said their Mamma had ordered them not to eat any cream, and very few cakes; and she certainly knew better what was fit for them than they did, and therefore she would obey her Mamma's orders.

Edward and Lucy laughed at the little girl; but they

did not laugh long, for they both grew very sick about an hour after breakfast, and could not rise from their chairs . so Anne went into the garden, and saw every thing that was to be seen.

At dinner time, they were not well enough to eat much, and it was very well that they could not, for they were better in the evening ; but if they had crammed at dinner as they had done at breakfast, they would have been very ill indeed.

The old lady, whom they went to spend the day with, had a swing at the bottom of her garden, which their Mamma knew, and had ordered them not to get into it on any account whatever ; but the first thing Lucy did was to ask her brother to help her to seat herself upon the rope, and she began to swing so much that poor little Anne was afraid to look at her, while Edward mounted into one of the large trees, laughing at his sister, because she said they would break their necks.—But what was the end of it?

—They both fell, and returned home with their foreheads bound up, and Edward's arm very much hurt. So they were never allowed to go any where without their Papa and Mamma, whilst Anne went to every place whither she was invited, because they knew she could be trusted, and would never disobey orders.

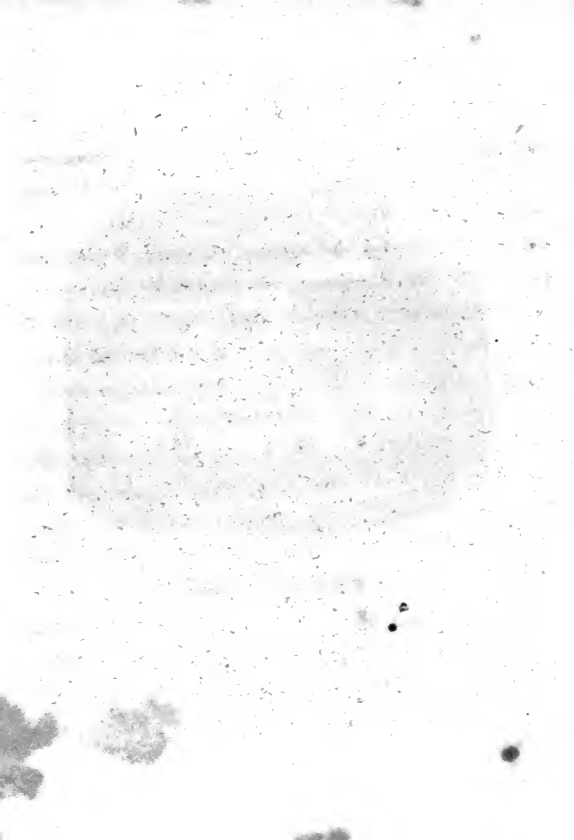
GOOD LITTLE MARY.

You will think the younger sisters are my favourites, for I have another story in my head of one, who was much better to be trusted than an elder one who was twelve years old : and she of whom I am going to tell was only eight.

Their mother was a country-woman, and kept cows and pigs, so she was obliged to go to market, and leave her little baby to the care of Peggy her eldest daughter, who was old enough to take care of it, if she had liked the trouble ; but that was not the case ; for as soon as her mother was gone, she popped the poor little creature into the cradle, and told Mary to sit by it for a minute or two, and she would return directly ; but that she never did, till she heard old Dobbin trotting down the lane, and then in she



GOOD LITTLE MARY.



ran, and if her sister had the baby on her lap, snatched it up in her arms, that her mother might think she had never left it

Little Mary never told tales of her sister, though her mother was sometimes angry that she had not finished her task of knitting; and she could not help it, for the baby often cried, and would not stay in the cradle, and Mary was obliged to hold it on her lap all the time her mother was away.

One morning, the good woman was making ready to go to market, and as she had a good deal to do, she said she should not return so soon as usual: so she put some food for the baby by the fire, to keep it warm, and told Peggy to be very careful to feed it if it cried, and try to sing it to sleep. but Peggy had something to do, which she liked better: so away she went, and Mary hardly knew what to do: for the baby did nothing but cry: it was cry

ing when the naughty girl put it into the cradle and left it, but she did not trouble her head about the matter.

Poor Mary warmed the food, and then took the child upon her lap and fed it as well as she was able, and as she had seen her mother do: and as it was then quiet, she began to sing lullaby with such a sweet little voice that it fell fast asleep.

I do not think you will be sorry to hear that Peggy's naughtiness was now discovered: her mother had forgotten something, which she was to have taken with her; so, instead of staying longer than usual at market, she came back half an hour sooner, and was much surprised to find Mary alone with the baby: and as Peggy was not to be found, though she called and inquired for her all round the house, she soon heard from her neighbors, that this was the way she always did: so her mother, as she was of no use to her, sent her to a farmer, where she could not play any of her tricks, but was made to work





NOISY CECILIA.

very hard ; and Mary, as she grew older, became every year more useful, and lived very happy with her mother and the little baby, of whom she always took the greatest care.

NOISY CECILIA.

I HAVE now to say a word or two of the most noisy little creature I ever met with in my life ; and as she was a younger sister, and had several brothers and sisters, who were very good children, you will not think me partial to *all* the young ones, though I have mentioned two or three who have behaved better than their elders.

As to Miss Cecilia, I assure you I could not have lived in the house with her on any account. At six o'clock in the morning, the noise began : if her maid would not let her out of the nursery, she would take up any thing she

could get at, and drum upon the table till she awoke every creature in the house; and when she got down into the hall, her delight was to make the great dog bark, or to bring in her little cart full of stones, and if she could run with it till it upset, and the stones rolled about till the servants came to see what was the matter, she was the more delighted.

At dinner, she made so much noise by rattling her fork and spoon on her plate, that the servants could not hear when they were asked for any thing; so she was sent to dine in the nursery, and she was so troublesome every where, that nobody could bear her company.

No one, however, was so much disturbed by her as her poor Grandmamma, who would have loved her very much indeed, if she had been a good child; but she could not bear to see her come into her room, because she knew she would give her the head-ache, and make her ill all day: and she never minded what was said to her, but grew

worse and worse. She went, one morning, into her Grand-mamma's room, when she was reading, beating the drum with one hand and holding a trumpet to her mouth with the other, and the poor old lady was almost distracted : so Miss Cecilia was sent to a great distance to school, and not allowed to come home till she had left off her naughty noisy tricks.

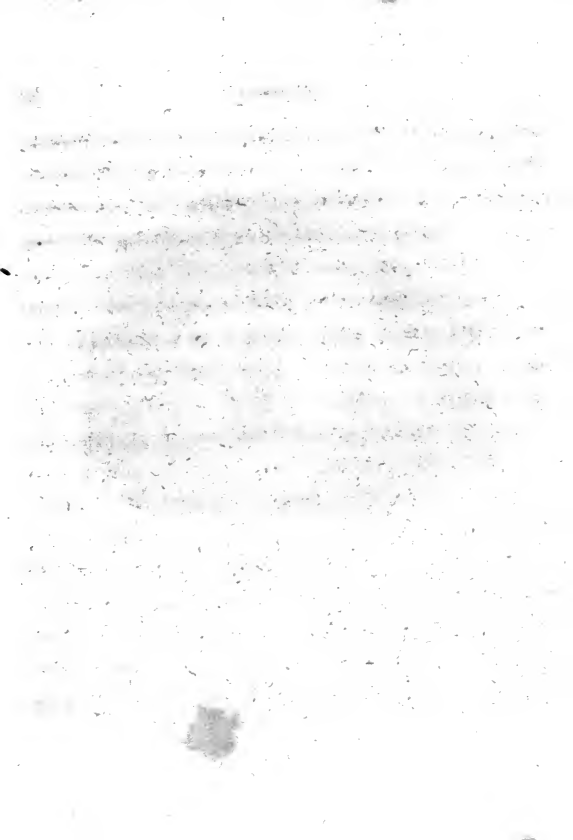
CURIOSITY.

ARABELLA fancied there could be no pleasure in the world equal to that of listening to conversations in which she had no concern, peeping into her mamma's drawers and boxes, and asking impertinent questions. If a parcel were brought into the house, she had no rest till she had found out what was in it : and if her Papa rang the bell, she would never quit the room till the servant came up, that she might hear what he wanted.

She had been often desired to be less curious, and more attentive to her lessons ; to play with her doll and her baby house, and not trouble herself with other people's affairs : but she never minded what was said to her. When she



CURIOSITY.



was sitting by her Mamma, with a book in her hand, instead of reading it, and endeavouring to improve herself, she was always looking around her, to observe what her brothers and sisters were doing, and to watch every one who went out or came into the room.

She desired extremely to have a writing master, because she hoped, that, after she had learned a short time, she should be able to read writing, and then she should have the pleasure of finding out who all the letters were for, which the servant carried to the post-office; and might sometimes peep over her Papa's shoulder, and read those which he received. One day perceiving her Mamma whisper to her brother William, and that they soon after left the room together, she immediately concluded there must be something going forward, some *secret* which was to be hid from her, and which, perhaps, if she lost the present moment, she never should be able to discover. Poor Arabella could sit still no longer: she watched them from the

window, and seeing that they went towards a gate in the garden, which opened into the wood, she determined to be there before them, and to hide herself in the bushes near the path that she might overhear their conversation as they passed by. This she soon accomplished, by taking a shorter way; but it was not very long before she had reason to wish she had not been so prying: for the gardener, passing through the wood, with an illnatured dog, which always followed him, seeing her move among the bushes, it began to bark violently, and in an instant jumped into her lap.

She was very much frightened, and, in trying to get away, gave him, without intending it, a great blow on the head, in return for which he bit her finger; and it was so very much hurt, and was so long before it was quite well again, that her friends hoped it would have cured her of being so curious: but they were much mistaken. Arabella's finger was no sooner well, than the pain she had suffered,

her fright, and the gardener's dog, were all forgotten : and whenever any thing happened, let the circumstance be ever so trifling, if she did not perfectly understand the whole matter, she could not rest or attend to anything she had to do, till she had discovered the mystery : for she imagined *mysteries* and *secrets* in every thing she saw and heard, unless she had been informed of what was going to be done.

Sometime after her adventure in the wood, she, one fine morning, missed her brother William : and, not finding him at work in his little garden, began directly to imagine her Mamma had sent him on some secret expedition : she resolved, however, on visiting the whole house, in the hope of finding him, before she made any inquiry, and accordingly hunted every room and every closet, but to no purpose. From the house she went to the garden, and from thence to the lawn, but William was no where to be found. What should she do !—“ I will hunt round the

garden once more," said she : " I must and will find him, and know where he has been all this time ; why he went without telling me, and why I might not have been intrusted with the secret. I will not eat my dinner till I find him, even if he should not return till night."

Arabella went once more to the garden, where, at length, in a retired corner, which she had not thought of visiting, she found her brother sleeping under a large tree. He had a little covered basket by his side, and slept so soundly, that he did not move when she came near the place, though she was talking to herself as she walked along, and not in a very low voice.

" Now," thought the curious girl, " I have caught him : he must have been a long way, for he appears to be very warm and tired ; and he has certainly got something in that basket, which I am not to see ; and, I suppose, Mamma is to come here and take it from him, that I may know nothing about it. Mamma and William have always

secrets ! But I will discover this, however—I am determined I will !”

She then crept softly up to the basket, and stooped down to lift up the cover, afraid almost to breathe, lest she should be caught ; and looking round, to see if her Mamma were coming, and then once more at her brother, that she might be certain he was still asleep, gently she put her hand upon the basket, and without the least noise, drew out a little wooden peg, which fastened down the cover. “Now,” thought she, “Master William, I shall see what you have got here.” Away she threw the peg, up went the cover of the basket, and whizz—out flew a beautiful white pigeon.

A violent scream from Arabella awoke William, who seeing the basket open, the pigeon mounting into the air, and his sister’s consternation, immediately guessed what had happened, and addressed her in the following manner :

“ You see, my dear Arabella, the consequence of your curious and suspicious temper : I wished to make you a present to-day, because it is your birthday ; but you will not allow your friends to procure you an agreeable surprise ; for nobody in the house can take a single step, or do the least thing, without your watching and following them. I know you have long wished to have a white pigeon, and I have walked two long miles, in all this heat, to get one for you. I sat down here, that I might have time to contrive how I should get it into the house without your seeing it, because I did not wish to give you my present till after dinner, when Papa and Mamma will give you theirs ; and, whilst I was endeavoring to think on some way to escape your prying eyes, I was so overpowered with fatigue and heat, that I fell fast asleep : and I see you have taken that time to peep into my basket, and save me any farther trouble ! You have let my present fly away : I am sorry for it my dear sister : but you have no

one to blame but yourself. And, I must confess, I am not half so sorry for your loss, as I am for the fate which attends two poor little young ones, which are left in the basket, and who, far from being able to take wing, and follow their mother, are not old enough even to feed themselves, and must soon perish for want of food."

William's words were but too true ; the poor things died the next morning, and Arabella passed the whole day in unavailing tears, regret, and sorrow

CECILIA AND FANNY, WHO WROTE LETTERS TO
EACH OTHER.

CECILIA went to spend a month with her aunt in the country. She was very much pleased at being in a place where she could run in the garden and in the fields as much as she liked : but she would have been much happier, if her sister had been with her : and Fanny, who fancied she should have no pleasure in any thing without the company of her dear Cecilia, was tired of her absence and longed for her return, before she had been two days gone.

They could both write tolerably well : and Cecilia, the week after her arrival at her aunt's, addressed the following letter to her sister :

“ MY DEAR FANNY,

“ I wish Mamma could have parted with us both at the same time, that we might have rambled about together

in my aunt's beautiful gardens and in the fields and meadows which surround the house: but, I believe, I am wrong in forming such a wish, for she would then be left quite alone, and that I do not desire on any account: if I did, I should appear very selfish, and as if I thought of nobody's pleasure except my own, and that I should be extremely sorry for.

“I am sure you will like to know that I am very happy at my aunt's, and how good and kind she is to me. All the long border behind the summer-house is to be called our garden, and it is now putting in order for us: and when neither of us is here, my aunt says the gardener shall take care of it. It is full of beautiful rose-trees and flowering shrubs: and Thomas is planting many more, and sowing seeds, so that when you come here you will find it quite flourishing.

“My aunt sends me very often with Biddy to walk by the sea side; and I have found a number of very pretty

shells and sea weeds, which I shall bring you: besides a great many curiosities, which I have picked up on the beach. I never saw such things before; and I am sure you never did. We never see any thing where we live but houses and pavement—here I have seen the mowers and the hay makers; and I know how to make hay, and how butter is made, and many other things.

“Good night, my dear Fanny! Pray give my duty to dear Mamma, and believe me

“Your most affectionate sister,

CECILIA.”

Fanny was delighted at receiving this letter, and wrote the following answer to her sister :

“MY DEAR CECILIA,

“How glad I am to hear that you are so happy in the country! I should certainly like very much to be with you, but not to leave Mamma alone; and she is so good, that I am not half so lonely as I thought I should be in

your absence. Only think, my dear sister, she has bought me the sweetest little goldfinch you ever saw ; and it is so tame, that the moment I come near the cage it jumps down from its perch, to see what I have got for it.

“ But this is not all : she has taken me to a shop, and bought me a great many pretty prints, and an album, which I am sure you will have great pleasure in looking at, when you come home. We have been twice at M——, to spend the day ; and indeed, my dear Cecilia, I have had a great deal of pleasure, though perhaps not quite so much as you have had in your fields and meadows, and among your haymakers ; but Mamma says we may be happy in any place, if we choose it, and will determine to make ourselves contented, instead of spending our time in wishing ourselves in other places than where we are : and I am sure she is very right ; for if I were to fret and vex myself because I am not in the country, and you do the same because you are not in town, my goldfinch and

my prints, my pleasant walks in the gardens at M——, and all Mamma's kindness, would be lost upon me; and you would have no pleasure in your little garden, or in looking at the haymakers, your shells, your sea weeds, or any of the curiosities you meet with.

"Pray, dear Cecelia, let me have one more letter from you before you come home: and do not burn mine, for I shall like to see how much better I write next year; and so will you, I dare say: so I shall lock up your letters in my little work trunk.

"Mamma desires her best love to you. Give my duty to my aunt, and believe me

"Your affectionate sister,

"FANNY."

It was almost a fortnight before Fanny heard again from her sister, when, one morning, a basket, covered very closely, and a small parcel, with a letter tied upon it, were brought up stairs, and placed upon the table before her.

The letter was from her sister, and contained the following words :

“MY DEAR FANNY,

“ You would have heard from me much sooner, but I wanted to write by George, whom, my aunt told me, she should be obliged to send to town on business. He brings you a basket of strawberries from her, with her love to you : fourteen of them are from our garden, and I assure you I had a pleasure in picking them, which I cannot describe : they are in a leaf by themselves ; and I beg you will let me know if they are ripe and sweet, for I did not taste them. I was determined to send you all the first. I send you also a little parcel of shells and sea weeds : and, when I am with you, I will teach you how to make very pretty pictures of them, as my aunt has had the goodness to teach me.

“ I have been very happy here, though I could not persuade myself to believe it possible, when I first came, be-

cause I could not have Mamma and you with me : but I shall remember her advice, and always endeavour to be pleased, and find amusement where I am, and with what I have, instead of fretting like our cousin Emily, because she had not a blue work-bag instead of a pink one, or because she had an ivory needle-case given to her, when she was wishing for a tortoise shell one.

“My aunt says that children who do so are so very tiresome, that they make themselves disliked by every body, and that they never are invited a second time to a house, because people are generally tired of their company on the first visit.

“I hope I shall see you and my dearest Mamma next week ; but you may write to me by George, for I shall be very much disappointed if he returns without a letter from you.—Adieu ! dear Fanny.

“I am affectionately yours,

CECILIA.”

Fanny had only time to write a short note to her sister, which George called for soon after dinner ; and Cecilia's return the following week, put an end to the correspondence for that time. The two sisters were extremely happy to meet, though they had not made themselves disagreeable, and teased people with their ill humor when they were separated ; and they were very well convinced, that, if they had done so, they should have suffered by it, and have been very uncomfortable.

The following summer, Fanny paid a visit to her aunt, and had the pleasure of finding their little garden in such good order, and so many strawberries in it, that she could send her sister a basket full. She could work very neatly : and, her aunt having given her a large parcel of silks, ribbon, twist, and gold cord, she made the prettiest pincushions that ever were seen, to send to her Mamma, her sister, and her cousins.

Cecilia was extremely fond of drawing, and was so at-

tentive to her lessons during her sister's absence, that she had a portfolio full of pretty things, besides an album with poetry in it to show on her return.

No little girls in the world could be happier than Cecilia and Fanny; and the reason of it is very plain: they were always obedient to their Mamma's commands, kind to the servants, and obliging to every body, always contented with what they had, and in whatever place they happened to be: and were never fretful and out of humour for want of something to do, for they had endeavored to learn every thing when they had an opportunity of doing so, that they might never be at a loss for employment and amusement.

HENRY AND HOW HE GOT HURT.

HENRY was the son of a merchant of Bristol: he was a very good-natured obliging boy, and loved his Papa and Mamma, and his brothers and sisters, most affectionately: but he had one very disagreeable fault, which was, that he did not like to be directed or advised, but always appeared displeased when any body only hinted to him what he might, or what he ought to do; he fancied he knew right from wrong perfectly well, and that he did not require any one to direct him.

He was the most amiable boy in the world, if you would let him have his own way: he never heard any body say they wished for any thing, that he did not run to get it for them, if it were in his power: and no one could be more ready to lend his toys to his brothers and sisters, whenever they appeared to desire them: but the moment

he was told not to stand so near the fire, or not to jump down two or three stairs at a time, not to climb upon the table, or to take care he did not fall out of the window he grew directly angry, and asked if they thought he did not know what he was about—said he was no longer a baby and that he was certainly old enough to take care of himself.

His friends were extremely sorry to perceive this fault in his disposition: for every body loved him, and wished to convince him, that, though he was not a baby, he was but a child; and that if he would avoid getting into mischief, he must for some years submit to be directed by his Papa and Mamma, or, in their absence, by some other person, who knew better than he did: but he never minded their advice, till he had one day nearly lost his life, by not attending to it.

A lady who visited his Mamma, and who was extremely fond of him, met him in the hall, on a new year's day,

and gave him a half dollar, to purchase something to amuse himself.—Henry was delighted at having so much money : but, instead of informing his parents of the present he had received, and asking them to advise him how to spend it, he determined to do as he liked with it, without consulting any body ; and having long had a great desire to amuse himself with some gunpowder, he began to think (now he was so rich) whether it might not be possible to contrive to get some. He had been often told of the dreadful accidents which have happened by playing with this dangerous thing, but he fancied *he* could take care, *he* was old enough to amuse himself with it, without any risk of hurting himself: and, meeting with a boy who was employed about the house by the servants, he offered to give him a shilling for his trouble, if he would get him what he desired ; and, as the boy cared very little for the danger to which he exposed Henry, of blowing himself up, in comparison with the proffered shilling, he was soon in possession of what he wished for.

A dreadful noise was sometime afterward heard in the nursery. The cries of the children, and the screams of their maid, brought the whole family up stairs : but, oh ! what a shocking sight was presented to their view, on opening the door ! There lay Henry by the fireside, his face black, and smeared with blood ; his hair burnt, and his eyes closed : one of his little sisters lay by him, nearly in the same deplorable condition : the others, some hurt, but all frightened almost to death, were got together in a corner, and the maid was fallen on the floor in a fit.

It was very long before either Henry or his sister could speak, and many months before they were quite restored to health, and even then with the loss of one of poor Henry's eyes. He had been many weeks confined to his bed in a dark room ; and during that time he had reflected upon his past conduct : he now saw that he had been a very conceited, wrong-headed boy, and that children would avoid a great many accidents, which happen to themselves

and the mischief they frequently lead others into, if they would listen to the advice of their elders, and not fancy they are capable of conducting themselves without being directed. He was so sorry for what he had done, and particularly for what he had made his dear little Emma suffer, that he never afterwards did the least thing without consulting his friends; and whenever he was told not to do any thing, though he had wished it ever so much, instead of being angry, as he used be, he immediately gave up all desire of doing it, and never after that time got into any mischief.

THE LITTLE SLOVEN.

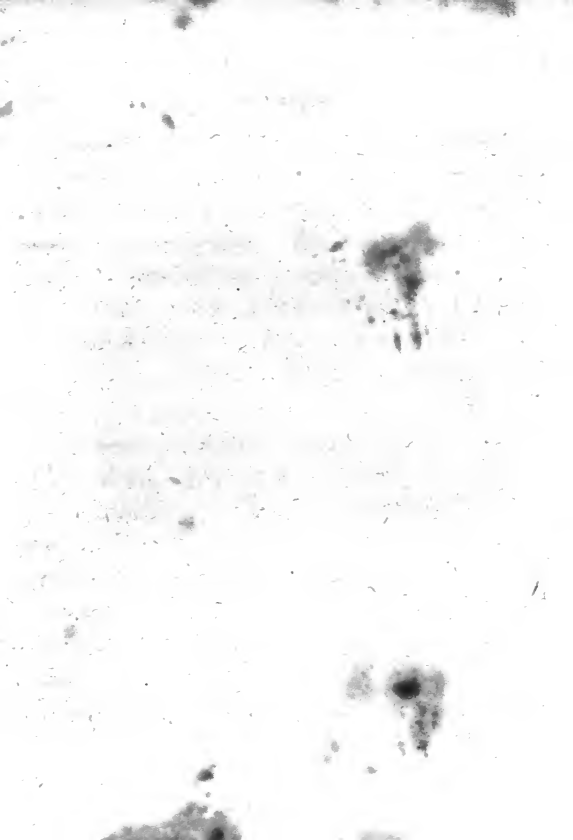
LITTLE MARIA B——— was so slovenly, and so careless of her clothes, that she never was fit to appear before any body, without being first sent to her maid to be newly dressed. If she came to breakfast quite nice and clean, before twelve o'clock you could scarcely perceive that her frock had ever been white : her face and hands were always dirty, her hair in disorder, and her shoes trodden down at the heels, because she was continually kicking them off.

At dinner, no one liked to sit near her, for she was sure to throw her meat into their laps, pull about their bread with her greasy fingers, and never failed to upset her drink upon the table-cloth.

One day, her brother ran into the nursery in great haste,



THE LITTLE SLOVEN.



desiring she would go down with him immediately into the parlour; telling her that a gentleman had brought a large portfolio, full of beautiful prints of all kinds of birds and animals, which he was going to show them, if they were ready to come to him directly: for he could not stay with them, he said, more than half an hour.

Poor Maria was in no condition to show herself: she had been washing her doll's cloths, though her maid had desired her not to do it, and had promised to wash them for her, if she would have patience till the afternoon, and had thrown a large basin of water all over her: after which, wet as she was, she had been rummaging in a dirty closet, where she had no kind of business, and was, when her brother came into the nursery covered with dust and cobwebs.

Susan was called in haste to new dress her: but she was so extremely careless of her cloths, and tore them so much every day, that one person was scarcely sufficient to keep

them in order for her. Not a frock was to be found, which had not the tucks ripped, and the strings broken, nor a pair of shoes fit to put on; her face and hands could not be got clean without warm water, and that must be fetched from the kitchen; then she had to look for a comb. Maria had poked hers into a mouse-hole, and had been rubbing the grate with her brush: in short, by the time all was ready, and she was dressed, a full hour had passed away without her perceiving it.

Down stairs, however, she went, opened the parlour door, and was just going to make a fine curtesy to the gentleman and his portfolio, when, to her very great surprise and mortification, she perceived her Mamma sitting alone at work by the fire. The gentleman had shown his prints to her brothers and sisters, made each of them a present of a very pretty one, and had been gone some time.

When her aunt came from Bath, she brought her a nice

green silk bonnet, and a cambric tippet, tied with green riband. Maria was very much delighted with them, and fancied she looked so well in them, that she could not be prevailed upon to pull them off; but she soon forgot that they were new and very pretty, and ought to be taken care of. She thought of nothing, when she could escape from her maid, but of getting into holes and corners; and, having rambled into an old back kitchen, and finding herself too warm, she took off her pretty green bonnet, threw it down on the ground, and, recollecting something she had now an opportunity of doing, ran away in great haste, and left it there.

When she was asked what she had done with her bonnet, she said she did not know; and the servants lost their time in seeking for it: for who would have thought of looking for a young lady's bonnet in a dirty back kitchen?

There, however, it was found, with a black cat and four kittens lying asleep in it! and so entirely had they spoiled

it, that it could never be worn any more; so she was obliged to wear her old bonnet a great many months longer, for her Mamma was extremely angry with her, and would not buy her a new one: nor did she deserve to have one, till she could learn to take more care of it, and not leave it about in such dirty places.

It is not very usual to see young ladies wandering about by themselves in the yards and the streets; but Maria had very great pleasure in it, and never lost the opportunity when she could get away without being seen; and she was so dirty, and had so often her clothes torn, that she was frequently taken by strangers for some poor child sent on an errand to the servants.

One day, when she was passing through the gate, to see who was coming down the lane, a little boy upon a horse who came up from the sea-side every week with fish, seeing her there doing nothing, called out, "Here, hark you, little girl, open the gate, I say!—Come, make haste!"

Do not stand there like a post. What! are you asleep?"

Maria was so much ashamed, that she could not move, but hung down her head, and the boy, who had a mind to make her save him the trouble of getting off from his horse, continued to talk to her in the same polite manner in which he had begun: "Why, you little dirty girl! open the gate, I say!—If you do not I will tell the cook of you, and she will tell Madam, and I shall get you turned out of the house."

Thus was Maria B———— continually mortified by one person or another, and losing every pleasure and amusement, which her brothers and sisters were indulged in, because she was never ready to join in them. They often went to walk in the charming woods and meadows, which surrounded the house, and were sometimes sent with their maid to carry comfortable things to their poor sick neighbours, from whom they received, in return, a thousand thanks and prayers to God for their happiness;

but Maria could have no share in either, for she never was with them, and they knew nothing of her.

Once, when their Grandpapa sent his coach to fetch them to dine with him, Maria was not to be found ; and, after seeking for her all over the house to no purpose, they at length caught her in the garden, with a watering-pot, which she could hardly lift from the ground, her shoes wet and covered with mould, her frock in the same condition, and her hands and arms dirty quite up to the elbows. Her Mamma positively declared that the horses should not be kept a moment longer ; the coachman was desired to drive on ; and Maria was left to spend the day in the nursery, from whence she was ordered not to stir.

There she spent a melancholy day indeed, for she had no means of amusing herself to make time pass lightly on . she had no pleasure in reading, so that all the pretty books, which had been bought for her, were of no use ; she could not play with her doll, for it had no clothes, they were all

lost or burnt; and she had suffered a little puppy to play with her work-bag, till both that and the work which was in it, threadcase, cotton, and every thing else, were all torn to pieces. The only thing she found to do, was, to sit down by the window, look at the road, and cry, till her brothers and sisters returned, and then she had the mortification of hearing them recount the pleasure they had enjoyed, talk of the curiosities their Grandpapa had shown them in the great closet at the end of the gallery, and of seeing all the pretty things they had brought home with them, and of which she might have had her share, if she had been of the party.

FREDERICK'S HOLIDAYS.

"I wish," said Frederick to Mr. Peterson, "I could be with my aunt in town to spend the holidays ; I shall be so tired here in the country, I shall not know what to do with myself. Two of my schoolfellows live in the next street to my aunt, and they will be going with their Papa to the theatres, and to walk in the Parks, and will have so much more pleasure than I shall have—why I might as well be at school, as here, sauntering about the fields."

"You are not very civil," answered Mr. Peterson. "When you came from town last year, and had no other acquaintance, you liked very well to be with me in the holidays : however, if you desire it, my dear Frederick, you shall go to your aunt's, that you may be near your little friends ; and I will write to their Papa, to request

that he will give you leave to be with them as much as possible, that you may partake of all their pleasures : for I do not think you will have a great deal in your aunt's house ; you know, she is always ill, and cannot have it in her power to procure you much amusement."

Frederick was accordingly sent to town, and his first wish was to pay a visit to his two friends in the next street. His aunt's servant was ordered to conduct him to the house, and he was shown immediately up stairs ; but, instead of meeting with those he expected, he found their Papa alone in the drawing-room, sitting at a table covered with papers, and apparently very busy.

On inquiring for his schoolfellows, he was very much surprised at being informed that they were gone into the country : "for," said their Papa, "they would not have liked to be confined at home all their holidays, and I should have had no time to run about with them ; they might as well have remained at school as have been here : but

where they are gone, they will enjoy themselves ; they will spend a week at their Grandfather's, and from thence go to my good friend, Mr. Peterson's, where they will have all the pleasure and amusement they can possibly wish for."

Frederick was so vexed and disappointed, that he could not open his lips; but made a low bow, and returned to his aunt, whom he found just risen to breakfast. She was quite crippled with rheumatism, and had so great a weakness in her eyes, that she could not bear the light, and would only allow one of the windows to have one shutter a little open.

In this dismal room, without any thing to amuse himself with, was poor Frederick condemned to spend his holidays : his aunt made him read to her whenever she was awake ; and it was only when she dropped asleep for half an hour in her easy chair, that he could creep softly to the other

end of the room, and peep with one eye into the street, through the little opening between the shutters.

Poor Frederick now sincerely repented having been so rude and ungrateful to Mr. Peterson, and wished a thousand times a day he had been contented to stay at his house ; he would have been very happy to have had it in his power to return, but dared not propose it to his aunt, and would also have been ashamed to appear before Mr. Peterson.

After many melancholy days and tedious evenings, spent in lonely solitude, he at length saw the happy morning which was to end his captivity. "What a foolish boy I have been !" thought he, as he was putting his things together. "The day of my return to school is my first holiday ; and the preparations I am making for it the only pleasure I have felt since I left it. In the country, where I might have enjoyed the liberty of running in the fields in the open air, I was discontented and restless ; and

I left it, to shut myself up in a sick room. I am now going back to school, to have the pleasure of hearing how agreeably all my school-fellows have been spending their time, whilst I shall have nothing to recount to them but how many phials were ranged on my aunt's chimney piece, and how many hackney-coaches I could see with one eye pass through the street."

Frederick was very right; he found his two little friends just arrived, and who, for a whole week, could speak of nothing but the pleasure they had enjoyed at Mr. Peterson's. They told him of their having been several times on the river, on fishing parties; of two nice little ponies, which had been procured for them, that they might ride about in the shady lanes, and round the park; and of the beautiful houses and gardens, they had been taken to see in the neighbourhood.

They had a great many very pretty presents, which they showed to Frederick, and which they had received

from their friends, who had been pleased with their behaviour, and had desired they might be allowed to pay them a visit at the next vacation.

Frederick could never forget how much he had lost by his folly ; he knew he had been wrong, and, as he was not a bad boy, he was not ashamed to acknowledge it, but wrote a very pretty letter to Mr. Peterson, begging him to forgive the rudeness he had been guilty of, and telling him how much he had suffered by it ; assuring him that he would never again desire to quit his house, to go to any other, and saying, that he never should have done it, if he had not been a foolish restless boy ; that he had been severely punished for his fault, and hoped he would think it enough, and grant him his pardon as soon as possible.

Mr. Peterson readily complied with his request, and invited him, the next time he left school, to accompany his two little friends to his house, where they spent a month in the midst of pleasure and amusement ; sometimes

riding the ponies to the top of a hill, whence they could see the hounds followed by the huntsman, and several gentlemen on horseback ; at other times assisting their good friend to entertain his tenants with their wives and children round a Christmas fire in the great hall ; in short, Frederick was so happy, that he never once thought of the parks or the theatres ; nor had any desire to quit Mr. Peterson in search of other amusements.





THE VAIN GIRL

CAROLINE, THE VAIN LITTLE GIRL.

CAROLINE was trifling away her time in the garden with a little favorite spaniel, her constant companion, when she was sent for to her music-master ; and the servant had called her no less than three different times, before she thought proper to go into the house.

When the lesson was finished, and the master gone, she turned to her Mamma, and asked her, in a fretful and impatient tone of voice, how much longer she was to be plagued with masters—said she had had them a very long time, and that she really thought she now knew quite enough of every thing

“That you have had them a very long while,” answered her Mamma, “I perfectly agree with you : but that you have profited so much by their instruction, as you imagine, I am not so certain. I must, however, acquaint you,

my dear Caroline, that you will not be *plagued* with them much longer; for your Papa says he has expended such large sums upon your education, that he is quite vexed and angry with himself for having done so, because he finds it impossible to be at an equal expense for your two little sisters. I should therefore advise you, whilst he is so good as to allow you to continue your lessons, to make the most of your time, that it may not be said you have been learning so long to no purpose.

Caroline appeared quite astonished at her Mamma's manner of speaking, assured her she knew every thing perfectly; and said, that if her Papa wished to save the expense of masters for her sisters, *she* would undertake to make them quite as accomplished as she herself was.

Some time after this conversation, she accompanied her Mamma on a visit to a particular friend, who resided in the country; and as there were several gentlemen and ladies at the same time in the house, Caroline was ex-

tremely happy in the opportunity she thought it would give her of surprising so large a party by her drawing, music, &c.; and she was not very long before she gave them so many samples of her vanity and self-conceit, as rendered her quite ridiculous and disgusting.

She was never in the least ashamed to contradict those who were older and better instructed than herself, and would sit down to the piano with the utmost unconcern, and attempt to play a sonata, which she had never seen before, though at the same time she could not get through a little simple air, which she had been three months learning, without blundering half a dozen times.

There lived, at about the distance of a mile from Mrs. Melvin's house, a widow lady, with her daughter, a charming little girl, thirteen years of age, on whose education (so very limited was her fortune) she had never had it in her power to be at the smallest expense: indeed her income was so narrow, that, without the strictest economy

in every respect, she could not have made it suffice to procure them the necessaries of life; and was obliged to content herself with the little instruction she could give to her child, and with encouraging her as much as possible to exert herself, and endeavour to supply, by attention and perseverance, the want of a more able instructor, and to surmount the obstacles she would have to meet with.

When Caroline heard this talked of, she concluded immediately that Laura must be a poor little ignorant thing, whom she should astonish by a display of her accomplishments, and enjoyed in idea the wonder she would show, when she beheld her beautiful drawings, heard her touch the keys of the piano, and speak French and Italian as well as her own language; which she wished to persuade herself was the case, though she knew no more of either than she did of all the other things of which she was so vain and conceited.

She told Mrs. Melvin that she really pitied extremely the situation of the poor unfortunate Laura, and wished, whilst she was so near, she could have the opportunity of seeing her frequently, as she would give her some instruction, which would be of service to her. Mrs. Melvin was extremely disgusted with the vanity of her friend's daughter, and, wishing to give her a severe mortification, which she thought would be of more use to her than any lesson she had ever received, told her she should pay a visit the next morning.

The weather was extremely fine, and the whole company set forward immediately after breakfast, and were soon in sight of a very neat but small house, which they were informed belonged to the mother of Laura. A little white gate opened into a garden in the front of it, which was so neat, and laid out with so much taste, that they all stopped to admire it, for the flowers and shrubs were tied up

with the utmost nicety, and not a weed was to be seen in any part of it.

“This is Laura’s care,” said Mrs. Melvin; “her Mamma cannot afford to pay a gardener, but hires a labourer now and then to turn up the ground, and, with the help of their maid, she keeps this little flower-garden in the order in which you see it; for, by having inquired of those who understand it, (instead of fancying herself perfect in all things,) she has gained so much information, that she is become a complete florist.”

They were shown into a very neat parlour, which was ornamented with a number of drawings. “Here,” said Mrs. Melvin, “you may again see the fruits of Laura’s industry and perseverance; she has had no instruction, except the little her Mamma could give her, but she was determined to succeed, and has done so, as you may perceive; for these drawings are executed with as much taste and judgment as could possibly be expected of so young a

person, even if she had had the advantage of having a master to instruct her. The fringe on the window curtains is entirely of her making ; and the pretty border and landscape on that fire-screen are of her cutting."

Caroline began to fear she should not shine quite so much as she had expected to do, and was extremely mortified when Laura came into the room, and was desired to sit down to the piano, at hearing her play and sing two or three pretty little songs, so well and so sweetly, that every one present was delighted with her.

She scarcely ever dared, after this visit, to boast of her knowledge ; and if she did, Mrs. Melvin, who was her real friend, and wished to cure her of her vanity, never failed to remind her of the little she knew, notwithstanding all the money which had been expended upon her education, in comparison with Laura, who had never cost her Mamma a single shilling.

ELIZA SINCLAIR, THE WHIMSICAL LITTLE GIRL.

Mr. and Mrs. Clermont invited their little niece, Elizabeth Sinclair, to spend a month with them in the country. Mr. Clermont was extremely fond of children, but his partiality to their company never extended to any who had been improperly and foolishly indulged, or were whimsical and discontented ; and had he known that his sister had suffered her little girl to have those disagreeable qualities, he never would have asked her to his house ; but he had been two years abroad, and knew nothing of her.

The day on which she was expected, her uncle and aunt went to meet her, and were very much pleased with her appearance, as well as with the affectionate manner in which she returned the caresses they bestowed upon her

She was extremely pretty, had fine teeth, fine hair, and a beautiful complexion; and Mr. Clermont said to his wife, "I shall be delighted to have this sweet little creature with me, and to show all my friends what a charming niece I have." But he was not long in changing his opinion; for he very soon discovered that her beauty, much as he had thought of it, did not prevent her being the most disagreeable girl he had ever met with.

She was no sooner in the house, than she complained of being too warm, then too cold, and, a minute after, too warm again—too tired to sit up, yet not choosing to go to bed—wishing for some tea, and then not liking any thing but milk and water—now drinking it without sugar, then desiring to have some; and, after saying she never supped, bursting into tears because she was going to be sent to bed without supper.

"I perceive I was mistaken," said Mr. Clermont; "*this sweet little creature* will be a pretty torment to us, if we

permit her to have her own way ; but I shall put a stop to it immediately."

Accordingly, the next day, at dinner, he asked her if she would be helped to some mutton ; but she refused it, saying she never could eat any thing roasted. "Then my dear," replied Mr. Clermont, "here is a boiled potatoe for you ; eat that, for you will have nothing else."

Elizabeth was extremely disconcerted, and thought, if she had been at home, her Mamma would have ordered half a dozen different things for her, rather than suffer her to eat any thing she disliked, or to dine upon potatoes. She made a very poor dinner, and was cross and out of humour the whole evening.

The next day, at table, Mr. Clermont offered to help her to some boiled lamb ; but Elizabeth, according to her usual custom of never liking what was offered to her, said she could not eat lamb, when it was boiled. "So I expected said Mr. Clermont ; " and (taking off the cover from a small

dish, which was placed next to him) here are some roasted potatoes, which I have provided on purpose, fearing you might not happen to like the rest of the dinner."

Elizabeth began to cry bitterly ; but her uncle paid no kind of attention to her tears, only saying, if she preferred a basin of water-gruel, she should have some made in an instant. She was extremely hungry (having quarrelled with her breakfast, and had nothing since,) and, perceiving that her tears were not likely to produce any good effect, was glad to dine very heartily on lamb and to eat some currant tart, which she had said she could not bear even the smell of. She insisted, however, on returning to her Mamma immediately ; saying she would not stay any longer in a house where she was in danger of being starved ; and was sure her Mamma would be very angry if she knew how she was treated.

"I am sorry to inform you, my dear niece," said Mr. Clermont, "that you must endeavour to put up with it for

at least a month, or six weeks ; for your Mamma is gone into Wales, on business of consequence, and will not be at home to receive you till that time is expired."

This was sad news for Elizabeth ; she was extremely unhappy, and wished a thousand times she had never quitted her own home, where she was indulged in all her whims, and where every one's time was employed in trying to please and amuse her. "And now," thought she, "on the contrary, I never have any thing I like ; and my uncle appears to take pleasure in teasing and vexing me from morning to night." Finding, however, that she must either eat what was provided for her, or suffer hunger, and conscious that she had no *real* dislike to any thing in particular, though she had a great pleasure in plaguing every body about her, she thought it advisable to submit ; and, consequently, dined extremely well every day, whether the meat were roasted or boiled, stewed or fried.

One day, when she was going with her uncle and aunt

to take a walk to the next village, a poor miserable woman, with one child in her arms, and followed by two others, met them at the gate, and begged, for God's sake, they would take pity upon her; and her helpless infants, who, she said, had not tasted food since the foregoing day.

Cold meat and bread being immediately brought out to them, both the woman and her children seized upon it with so much eagerness, that they might really be believed to be almost famished.

Mr. Clermont desired Elizabeth would observe them attentively, and, after making her take particular notice of the joy with which the poor people were feasting on the scraps that came from their table, asked her if she thought she ever again could, without being guilty of a dreadful sin, despise, as she frequently had done, and refuse to eat of the wholesome and plentiful food, which, through the great goodness of God, her friends were enabled to provide for her.

Elizabeth was struck with her uncle's words, and with the sight before her ; she felt that she had, her ingratitude and unthankfulness to God, rendered herself very undeserving of the comforts he had bestowed upon her, and of which the poor children she was then looking at stood so much in need ; and she never, from that day, was heard to find fault with any thing, but prayed that she might, in future, deserve a continuance of such blessings.

EDWARD AND CHARLES, AND HOW NAUGHTY EDWARD
WAS TO POOR BLACK BEN.

MR. SPENCER sent for his two sons, Edward and Charles, into his closet ; he took each of them by the hand, and, drawing them affectionately towards him, told them he was going to undertake a long journey ; that he hoped they would be very good boys during his absence, obedient and dutiful to their Mamma, and never vex nor tease her, but do every thing she wished them to do : he also desired them to be kind to poor Ben, and to recollect, that, though his face was black, he was a very good boy, and that God would love him, while he continued to behave well, just as much as if his skin were as white as theirs, and much more than He would either of them, unless they were equally deserving of His love, as black Ben had rendered himself by his good-natured and amiable disposition.

Edward and Charles both promised their Papa that they would do every thing he desired ; but they were not *both* equally sincere : Edward could with difficulty hide his joy, when his Papa told him he was going from home ; for he was a very naughty boy, and had no inclination to obey any body ; but to be his own master, and do as he liked ; to get into all kinds of mischief, and kick and cuff poor Ben whenever he pleased.

Thinking, however, it would be proper to appear sorry for what he was, in reality, extremely glad of, and seeing poor Charles take out his handkerchief to wipe away his tears, when he was taking leave of his Papa, he pulled out his also : but it was not to his eyes, but to hide his smiles : for he was so happy at the thought of all the tricks he could play, without having any one to control him, that he was afraid his joy would be perceived, and his hypocrisy detected.

Mrs. Spencer's health was so indifferent, that she sel-

dom quitted her apartment ; so that she knew very little of the behaviour of her sons. Edward, as soon as he had breakfasted, usually took his hat, and went out, without telling any one whither he was going, or when he should return.

One day, when he was gone away in this manner, and Charles was left quite alone, he went up stairs to his Mamma, and asked her leave to take a walk in the fields ; and away he went, with his favourite dog, for he had no other company, and he said, "Come along, Carlo, let us take a ramble together ; my brother always quarrels and fights with me, but I know you will not, my poor Carlo : here, my poor old fellow, here is a piece of bread, which I saved from my breakfast, on purpose for you."

Charles had not walked very far, before he thought he heard Ben crying ; and thinking it very probable that his brother was beating him, he went as fast as he possibly could toward the place whence the sound came. There

he found poor black Ben with a load of fagots upon his back, almost enough to break it, and Edward whipping him because he cried and said they were too heavy.

Charles began immediately to unload the poor boy; but Edward said, if he attempted to do so, he would break every bone in his skin. He was, however, not to be frightened from his good-natured and humane intention, and therefore continued to take off the fagots; telling his brother, that if he came near to prevent him, he would try which had the most strength; and as Edward was a great coward, and never attempted to strike any body but the poor black boy, who dared not return the blow, he thought proper to walk away, and leave his brother to do as he liked. When they met afterwards, and Charles offered to shake hands with him, saying he was sorry for what he had said to him, and begged they might be good friends, he appeared very willing to forget what was past, and assured him he forgave him with all his

heart; but his whole thoughts were employed on finding out some way to be avenged on his brother, and he had soon an opportunity of doing what might have cost him his life, though it is to be hoped he was not quite wicked enough to desire it.

Walking, one morning, by the side of the river, he begged Charles to get into a little boat, which lay close to the shore, to look for a sixpence, which he pretended to have left in it; and began to sob and cry, because he was afraid he had lost his money. Charles, who was always glad to oblige his brother, jumped into the boat with the utmost readiness, but, in an instant, the wicked Edward, having cut the rope by which it was fastened, away it went into the middle of the river, and no one can tell whither it might have been driven, or what terrible accident might have happened, if the wind had been high, and had not the good affectionate Ben stripped off his clothes, and plunged into the river to go to Charles' assistance. Ben

could swim like a fish, and was soon within reach of the boat, which, by getting hold of the end of the rope, he brought near enough to the shore for Charles to jump out on a bank.

Edward fancied, that as his Mamma knew nothing of his tricks, and as he was certain Charles was too good-natured to tell tales, his Papa would never hear of them: but he was very much mistaken. Old Nichols, the butler, had observed his behaviour, and, as soon as his master returned, took the first opportunity of telling him of every thing which had passed in his absence.

Mr Spencer now recollected that he had been much to blame in keeping his sons at home, and determined to send them both to school immediately: he observed, however, that they were not equally deserving of kindness and indulgence, and that it would be proper and just to make Edward feel how much he was displeased by the accounts he had received of his conduct; he was therefore sent

to a school at a considerable distance from home, so far off, that he came home neither at Christmas nor midsummer, nor saw any of his friends from one year to the other ; he was not allowed to have any pocket-money, for his Papa said he would only make an ill use of it ; nor had he ever any presents sent him of any kind.

Charles was only twenty miles from his father's house, and was always at home in the holidays : he had a great many things given to him on new-year's day, and his Papa bought him a little pony, that he might ride about the park : and he always let poor Ben have a ride with him, for he loved him very much. And Ben, who was a grateful, kind-hearted boy, did not forget how many times Charles had saved him from his wicked brother, and would have done any thing in the world to give him pleasure.

THE TRUANT.

"WHAT will become of us to-morrow?" exclaimed a boy at M———school, to little George Clifton, as they were undressing to go to bed. "I am so frightened, that I shall not be able to close my eyes."

George, who was very sleepy, and had no inclination to be disturbed, scarcely attended to what he was saying; but, on being asked how *he* thought to get off, and how *he* should relish a good sound flogging, if he could not excuse himself, he thought it time to inquire into his meaning, and was informed that some of the boys had that evening been robbing the master's garden, that they had taken away all the fruit, both ripe and unripe, and had trodden down and destroyed every thing.

George said he was very sorry for it, but he had no fears on his own account; for he could prove that he had

drunk tea, and spent the whole evening at his aunt's, and was but just returned before their hour of going to bed. But Robert assured him, that all he could say would avail him nothing, and that he was very certain he would not be believed; and, moreover, that the master had declared, as he could not discover the offenders, he would punish the whole school: "and for my part," said Robert, "I am determined not to stay here, and suffer for what I do not deserve. I can easily slip out of this window into the yard, and at the dawn of day I intend to set off; and shall be many miles from M——, when you are begging in vain for forgiveness of your hard hearted master."

George, who, though a good boy in other respects, had a very great dislike to the trouble of learning any thing, and had been sent to school much against his inclination, thought this an excellent opportunity of leaving it, and had no doubt but that, having such a melancholy story to re-

count of the injustice of his master, added to the many hardships he fancied he had already endured on different occasions, he should be able to prevail upon his Papa to keep him at home. He also imagined that, when he grew up to be a man, he should, by some means or other, have as much learning and knowledge as other people, without plaguing himself with so many books and lessons. Robert had therefore very little difficulty in persuading him to accompany him, which he had no reason to wish for, but that he knew he had always a good deal of pocket-money, which he hoped to get possession of, and cared very little, if once he could carry that point, what became of poor George. He knew him to be quite innocent, and also that the master was well acquainted with the names of the boys who had done the mischief, and, consequently, had no thought of punishing the whole school ; but he was a wicked boy, had been the chief promoter of the robbery, long tired of confinement, and determined to run away. At four o'clock in

the morning, they got out of the window into the yard, jumped over a low wall, and were soon several miles from the school.

Poor little George began, before it was long, to grow very tired : he was hungry also, and had nothing to eat. Robert asked him if he had any money, and said he would soon procure him something to eat, if he would give him the means of paying for it ; but the moment he had got his little purse in his hand, he told him that he must now wish him a good morning ; that he was not such a fool as to go home, to get a horsewhipping for having run away from school, but should go immediately to Portsmouth, where he should find ships enough ready to sail for different parts of the world, and would go to sea, which was, he said, the most pleasant life in the world ; and making him a very low bow, he set off immediately across the fields, towards the highroad, and was presently out of sight.

George began to cry bitterly ; he now repented having

listened to this wicked boy's advice, and would have returned to school, if he could ; but he did not know the way back again ; and, if he had known it, would have been afraid to see his master. He wandered on the whole day, without seeing any body who thought it worth while to listen to his tale ; and at length, towards the close of evening, quite ill for the want of eating, and so tired that he could no longer stand, he seated himself by the side of a brook, and, leaning his head upon his hand, sobbed aloud.

An old peasant, returning from his labour, and passing that way, stopped to look at him ; and, perceiving that he was in much distress, went up to the place where he was sitting and inquired kindly what ailed him.

"I am a naughty boy," said George, "and do not deserve that you should take notice of me."—"When naughty boys confess their faults, they are more than half cured of them," replied the old peasant. "Whatever you have done, I am sure you repent of it, and I will take care of you."

He then took him by the hand, and led him to his cottage, which was very near, and where he found an old woman spinning near the window, and a young one sitting with two pretty little girls and a boy, whom she was teaching to read : they had each a book in their hands, and were so attentive to their lessons, that they scarcely looked up when the door was opened.

“There,” said the old peasant, “sits my good wife; this is my daughter, and these are her children : we are poor people, and cannot afford to spend much money on their education, but they are very good, and endeavour to learn what they can from their mother, and get their lessons ready against the hour they go to school in the morning, that they may make the most of their time, and not rob their parents by being idle.”

“Rob their parents !” exclaimed George. “Yes, rob them,” replied the old man. “Would it not be robbing their father and mother, if they allowed them to squander

their money upon them in paying for their schooling to no purpose?"

George wiped the tears from his eyes, and said he was afraid he was a very bad boy; but he was sorry for it, and would endeavour to mend, if his Papa could be prevailed on to pardon what was past. He then told the old man all that had happened, and how the wicked Robert had enticed him to run away from school; but he was so hungry and so fatigued, that he could hardly walk or hold up his head. The young woman gave him a large bowl of milk and bread, and put him into a neat-clean bed; where he slept soundly till eight o'clock the next morning, when, after a comfortable breakfast, the good peasant accompanied him to his father's house, and said so much in his favour, and of the sorrow he had shown for his ill behaviour, that he was immediately forgiven.

He was, at his own desire, taken back to school, where he entreated his master to pardon the little attention he

had paid to his books, and the instruction he had been so good as to give him ; as also his elopement, a fault he had, he said, repented of almost as soon as he had committed it.

The master readily forgave him, upon his acknowledging his error, and assured him, that, though he always punished those who deserved it, he knew very well how to distinguish the innocent from the guilty, and that, while he behaved like a good boy, he would have no reason to fear his anger.

THE INUNDATION.

“You are as obstinate as a mule,” said Charles Stevenson to his brother James, “and full of contradiction into the bargain; if I propose a thing, you always foresee ten thousand difficulties in the way, and insist on proving to me, that I am wrong, and you are never so; and when once you have said a thing, the whole world could not persuade you to unsay it.”

“You are quite mistaken,” answered James; “when I know that I am right, why should I not maintain it? I am not obliged to be of your opinion. You always like to walk in the path, that you may not dirty your stockings; I like to climb over the hedge, when that is the nearest way.”

“Very true,” replied Charles; “but if I were to propose going over the hedge, you would prefer the path; and, would insist that it was the nearest way.”



INUNDATION



“ When we are out in the fields, at play, and I happen to say, It is almost night, you do not scruple to declare that it is still broad day-light, though it is so dark that I can hardly see my own hand when I hold it up.”

“ You stay out at play in the fields, till you can scarcely see your hand !” interrupted James, with a sneer. “ You would be mortally afraid of catching cold ; particularly if Mamma had forgotten to tie a handkerchief about its dear little neck !”

The reader will not find it difficult to form an idea of the dispositions of these two boys, from the above conversation. They were both right, in some measure, in the reproaches they made to each other : James was the most obstinate boy in the world, and his greatest pleasure was to differ in opinion from other people.

Charles, had been very delicate when an infant ; and his Mamma’s fears on account of his ill health had made her more attentive to him than she had been to her other

children. His great-coat was made of warmer materials than that of his brother; he was never permitted to go out when the wind blew high; and particular care was taken that he should never eat any thing but what the physician had ordered for him.

He was naturally effeminate in his manner; and the care with which he had been treated in his infancy, had made him still more so. He was so nice in his clothes, that he could not bear to see a speck on any part of them, which was a constant theme of ridicule for his brother James, who was generally up to his ankles in mud, and whose coat wanted brushing half a dozen times in a day.

Notwithstanding this they never had any serious quarrels; they laughed at each other continually, but that was all. Charles continued to be very careful of himself and his clothes; and James to contradict the whole family, and to be, what his brother said he was, "as obstinate as a mule."

The sharp conversation, with which I began my story, happened in a large field, at six o'clock in the morning, in the month of March.—There had been a constant fall of snow for a week or ten days, and the whole face of the country was so covered with it, that the hills, the valleys, and the plains, were one mass of white.

Charles and James were extremely tired of the confinement, which this weather occasioned them ; and hearing, one night when they were going to bed, tired of battledore and shuttlecock, dominos, &c. that a rapid thaw was coming on, they agreed to rise early, and go and take a peep at some high hills, about half a mile from the house ; supposing that the melting of the snow, in different parts of them, would give them a strange and new appearance.—Charles was very unwilling to venture forth in such weather ; but James, who had the art of persuading him to any thing, promised to conduct him through a road, which would not be very wet, at the same time offering him his

strong half-boots, he consented to go; and at six o'clock they were in the fields, as I have before mentioned. There meeting with two paths, one leading to the right, the other to the left, a dispute arose about which they had best follow; and Charles having proposed that on the right hand, James, as usual, insisted on going to the left, and trudged along as fast as he could; leaving his brother to follow him, if he pleased, or to return home, if he liked it better.

Charles would have been very glad to go home to the parlour fire, but was afraid of being laughed at; he therefore followed James, till they came in sight of the hills.

Casting their eyes around, they could not help making observations on the melancholy scene; but Charles was the first to perceive the cottage of poor Saunderson surrounded with water.

“Good gracious! James,” cried he, “what will become of poor Margaret and her children! I know she is

quite alone with them : for her husband is gone to Mr. Piercy's, for my father, and will not return till Thursday. The water is already above the threshold of the door, and will soon get into the lower room. She is still in bed, and suspects nothing of the matter—they will all be drowned, if they have not immediate assistance. What can be done to get them out ? If I were not afraid of catching cold, and of spoiling my clothes, I would go to them.

James was not without some alarm and uneasiness on account of poor Margaret and her children ; but he had heard his brother's opinion, and that was sufficient to determine him to hide his fears, and pretend to believe them to be in no kind of danger.

“I would soon go to their assistance,” said he, “if there were any necessity for it. But they are in no danger ; the water will not rise any higher ; and in an hour or two what you now see will disappear.”

"You may say what you please," replied Charles, "but I perceive, while we are talking, that it is much higher than it was when we came; the poor cow is more than half way up her legs in water, and—bless me! James, look; there is Margaret opening her window!—See how terrified she is!—She calls for help!—What can be done?—Will no one go to her?"

"Why do not you go?" said James;—"I wish you would be quiet!—When I think there is any danger, I will go to them."

Whilst the two brothers were thus deliberating—one whether to risk spoiling his clothes, and catching cold, the other whether he should give up his opinion, after speaking so positively—they saw Richard, Farmer Wilmot's son, coming toward them; and, calling him as loud as they could, that he might make more haste, said they would ask him what he thought of it.

Richard, however, perceiving as he came a little nearer,

the situation of Margaret and her little family, and certain that there was no time to lose, required no one to urge him to do what he saw was immediately necessary ; and, without attending to the young gentlemen, who continued calling him, he threw off his jacket, and his stockings and shoes in an instant, and in the next was making rapid strides toward the cottage.

Margaret came down stairs, and gave him her two little children through the window, one on his back, the other in his arms, and followed as well as she was able. Richard soon placed them all in safety, near the spot where Charles and James stood, not a little ashamed at having suffered the farmer's boy to do what they might have done with so much ease, had they not wasted their time in disputing ; for when they came to the place, the water would not have reached above their ankles ; and if they had only gone to the house, and roused the poor woman, she might herself have brought her children away without any difficulty.

Richard was one of the best hearted boys in the world; he dashed once more through the water to the little habitation of Margaret, and in a few minutes had carried every thing he could lift, from the kitchen to the upper room, to save them from the water: he then went to the cow, took her by the horn and led her to her mistress, who was so much rejoiced at finding herself, her children, and her cow in safety, that she could not find words to express her gratitude to Richard; nor did he stay to hear the blessing and thanks she tried to bestow upon him: he was gone in an instant.

Poor Margaret was seated on the stump of an old tree, with her children upon her lap; but she was so wet and cold, that she could hardly hold them, and the little creatures were so frightened at the great heap of water, as they called it, that they did nothing but cry.

“Well,” said Charles, “if we cannot take the credit of having saved them from being drowned, let us at least,

take care that they do not die of cold. I wish they were at our house, by the kitchen fire, eating a warm breakfast; but Margaret trembles so much, that I doubt whether she could walk so far, much less be able to carry her children. Will you take one of them in your arms, James?—I would carry the little one, if I thought its clothes were clean.”

Had Charles been silent a moment longer, James would have proposed the very thing, which he now set his face against: for, vexed and mortified at having permitted Richard to assist Margaret, when he knew himself to be strong enough to have done the same thing, he was thinking how he should contrive to get them home, when his brother unfortunately made the proposal.

“Nonsense!” said he; “do you imagine she has no friends, to take care of her!—Margaret have you no one to go to, till you can return to your own house?”

“Nobody, but my brother, Sir,” answered Margaret;

"and he lives three miles off. I could not carry my children, if it were to save their poor innocent lives ; I tremble from head to foot with cold and fright."

Charles urged, very strongly, their going to his father's house, where he was sure they would be taken care of ; but was, at the same time, very unwilling to touch either of the children.—If James would carry them both, as Richard had done, he would endeavour, he said, to drive the cow before him, if he thought she would not splash him.

James would not hear of it, in any way ; he insisted upon it, that Margaret's friends would come to her, and only laughed at his brother's scheme ; and they continued disputing the point, without paying any attention to the woman and her children, till, to their great surprise, they perceived a stout country girl carrying the poor little things away, one on each arm, whilst Richard, assisting their mother to rise, told her that his father begged she would go to the farm, where she would be kindly welcome to remain as long as she found it necessary.

The two young gentlemen followed the little party with their eyes, till they had passed through a gate which led to Wilmot's house; they then looked at each other, but, being both conscious of deserved blame, James dared not reproach Charles with his over delicacy, lest he should remind him of obstinacy and contradiction.

They returned home in silence, neither of them opening his lips till they sat down to breakfast; and then, the recollection of Margaret and her children giving way to a large plate of hot rolls, they began to chat on indifferent subjects, as much as their eagerness to eat would allow them. And when the story of the poor woman's escape, was told by the servants of the family, they took care not to drop a word of their having been present.

Their Papa and Mamma had a great regard for Saunderson and his family, and gave immediate orders that they should be sent for; and James wishing to be of some service to them, now proposed that they should run as fast

as they could by a short way to Wilmot's, in the hope of getting there before the servant, and be first to deliver a message to Margaret, which would, they very well knew, give her much pleasure.

They both ran as fast as they could down the lawn, crossed the road, and had got half way through a narrow lane, when Charles seeing his brother jump over a rivulet, exclaimed with a laugh, "Well done, my boy, I will follow you!—This is certainly a quarter of a mile nearer than the road through the wood; but it is shockingly dirty. I am up to my knees in mud!"

"I do not think it is at all nearer," replied James, stopping immediately; "and I shall get over this gate, cross the field, and go into the wood; you may depend upon it, that we shall be able to walk faster; and, who knows but there may be more brooks down this lane, which we should not be able to pass."

Charles wished he had kept his observations to himself;

for he suspected that (according to his custom) James was going to leave the road he was in, merely from contradiction. He determined, however, to follow him ; and they soon reached the wood, where, the sun not having been able to penetrate, the snow still lay so deep in the path, that they had the greatest difficulty to get along.

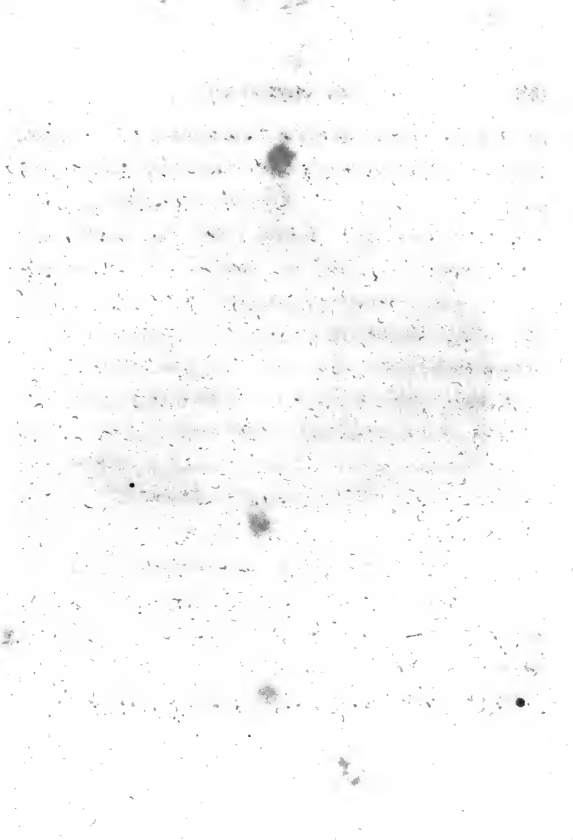
“This is ten times worse,” said Charles, “than wading through the water to assist Margaret, would have been ; the snow is so deep, that, every step I take, my feet sink into a hole, and I can hardly draw them out again ! This is the last time I will ever listen to you !”

James only laughed, not thinking it proper to confess that he could scarcely get on ; and, indeed, they were so long, that before they reached the farm, Margaret had left it, with the servant, who was sent to fetch her.

They were very much mortified to find that they had taken so much trouble to no purpose ; and immediately turned toward home, Charles by the lane, and James took

his way through the wood ; but not being at all more pleased with the deep snow than his brother had been, he endeavoured to find a better path, and so completely bewildered himself in the wood, that it was almost night when he got home, where he found Margaret and her children, who had been some hours comfortably seated by the kitchen fire, and his brother Charles, but that moment arrived, covered with dirt, and ready to cry with cold and vexation.

He also had lost his way, by taking a wrong path, without intending it : for thinking himself in the very same lane where his brother had threatened him with so many brooks, he trudged along through thick and thin, wondering that he did not meet with any, not even the rivulet they had jumped over with so much agility : but what was his astonishment (after walking on through this long lane till he was so fatigued that he could hardly stand) when he found himself on the turn-pike road, at least three miles from his father's house.





THE NAUGHTY BOY PUNISHED.

Poor Charles was very much dismayed; he had but one thing to do, which was to rest himself upon a stone, and then pursue his way: and he arrived at home only a few minutes before his brother.

THE NAUGHTY BOY PUNISHED.

GEORGE NORTON was very fond of playing tricks, which he thought there was no harm in, though every other person thought them very foolish. A great many gentlemen and ladies who visited his Papa and Mamma, looked upon him as a very naughty boy; and said, if he were their son, they would punish him severely, whenever they caught him laying his traps to catch people.

He thought it was fine fun, when he could contrive to

fasten a rope across the passage, and make somebody fall over it ; or when he could pin the maid's apron to the leg of the chair, and make her tear a hole in it when she attempted to rise ; not considering that, although this rope was very near the ground, a person might break a leg or an arm by falling over it ; many have done so, by their foot sliding when walking quietly along the street : and as to the apron, he was old enough to know, that servants work hard for their wages, and could wear out their clothes fast enough without his help.

His chief delight was to teaze a poor old man and woman, who lived in a cottage near his Papa's house ; and he was a very ungrateful little boy for so doing, for the good old people were very fond of their young master, and always doing something or other to oblige him, little suspecting him to be the person who played them so many ill-natured tricks.

If old Arthur caught a pretty bird, he made a present

of it to Master George; and his Dame was sure to pick the earliest flowers that appeared in her garden to give him.

If she happened to have a brood of young chickens, he was always welcome to choose any one he thought pretty, and carry it home with him. In short, there was nothing he wished for that they refused, if they had it in their power to oblige him. Yet, as I said before, this naughty boy was continually doing something to vex and teaze them.

Once, when Dame Arthur had allowed him to choose the prettiest speckled chicken among her brood, he returned slyly in the evening, when they were quietly sleeping under their mother's wing, in a little outhouse behind the cottage, and carried them off, and the hen also, in a basket, and hid them in an old summer-house, where nobody ever went, and where he was certain he might keep them as long as he pleased, without their being discovered.

The next morning, he went to see Arthur and his wife, whom he found bewailing the loss of their hen and brood

of chickens ; he pretended to be very sorry, and wished he had caught the thief ; assuring them, if he had, he would have called so loud that he would have been glad to run away without his booty.

“ I dare say you would, Master George,” said the poor old woman ; “ you would not stand still and see us robbed ; I am sure you would not ! But the mischief is done and a heavy loss it is to us ; the chickens were all strong and hearty ; I have no doubt but that we should have reared every one of them, and a fine penny they would have brought me.”

George suffered these poor people to bewail their loss a whole week, and then he contrived to carry them back into the outhouse, without being seen by any body, persuading himself that, as he had fed them well all the time he had hid them in his possession, he had done no harm : it was only an innocent trick, to see how the old people would look when they found the nest empty.

This naughty little boy was so fond of his tricks, that he neither minded time nor place ; he paid no respect to sunday ; if any thing came into his head, he would as soon set about it on that day as on any other ; and, once, coming out of church in a heavy shower of rain, he ran as fast as he could, and put some pease into the lock of Arthur's door ; so that when the old couple came home, they could not put the key into it, and were obliged to stand so long in the rain before they could get it open, that Dame Arthur was quite wet and caught so bad a cold, that she was confined to her bed nearly a whole month with a fit of the rheumatism.

Master George was not, however, eleven years of age, before he met with the punishment he deserved.

Rambling about one morning, by himself, as he was very fond of doing, he met a little girl with a pitcher of milk, who, being tired of carrying it in her hand, asked him to help her to put it on her head.

“With all my heart,” said George, (thinking it would be fine fun to throw it down, and make her believe she had let it slip,) “come here—stand very still, and when I have lifted up the pitcher, be sure that you take hold of the handle of it.”

“A thousand thanks to you, young master,” replied the girl. “I do assure you, that my arm is ready to drop off although the pitcher is not very heavy; but I have been a long way for the milk, and I must make haste, for my mother is waiting for it, and my little brothers and sisters can have no dinner till I carry it home.”

“Very well,” said George, lifting the pitcher. “Now then, stand still;” and so saying, the moment he had placed it on her head, he took care to let it go, before she could possibly take hold of it; and the pitcher, falling to the ground, was broken in pieces; and, consequently, the milk was lost.

The poor girl burst into tears, and George laughing,

asked her why she did not take hold of the handle : but his laughing was, in an instant, changed into screams, and bitter lamentations, for the milk had made the ground so soft, that, in turning to run away, his foot slipped, and he fell with his leg under him, and broke it just above the ankle.

Nobody was sorry for the accident : and when it was told that he would be confined three months, or more, the people in the village said : “ So much the better, he will be out of the way of doing mischief ! ”

I hope, however, it will teach him that there can be no real pleasure in vexing and tormenting others : that he can only find it by following the good old rule of—doing as you would be done by.

THE GOOD BOY REWARDED.

CHARLES lived in the country with his Papa, who was so good as to teach him to read and write, and promised him, that, if he would be a good boy, when he was a year or two older, he would teach him a great deal more.

When the morning lesson was finished, his Papa went into his study, where he always spent an hour; and then took a walk with his son before dinner. During that hour Charles was at liberty to amuse himself where he pleased; for his Papa knew he was a good boy, and would not get into any mischief.

There was a very fine river, at no great distance from the house, and on its bank stood the hut of a fisherman.

This poor fellow maintained his family by carrying the fish which he caught to the next town, where he was glad



THE GOOD BOY REWARDED.



to sell it for what they would give him ; and, as there was great plenty in that part of the country, he got but a poor livelihood, though he took a great deal of trouble ; was often wet to the skin many hours together, whilst sitting in his little boat ; and sometimes came home so cold, that all the wood they had in their little kitchen was scarcely sufficient to warm him.

His wife was a very careful good woman, and kept her spinning-wheel going early and late ; but she, as well as the poor fisherman, had one great uneasiness, which they foresaw no prospect of being able to remove. Their little boy (for they had but one child) would never know either how to write or read ; his mother could not teach him, for she had never been taught herself ; and his father, though he could read a little, never had a moment to spare ; he was obliged to go out very early every morning : and when he was fortunate enough to catch his basket full of fish, he must walk immediately three or four miles to try to sell

it, and bring home something for their suppers ; and when that was done, he was so tired, that he was glad to go to bed.

Charles called at the fisherman's one day, to inquire for his dog, which he had missed all the morning ; and found little Joe sitting by the table, on which he was making marks with a piece of chalk. Charles asked him what he was doing.

"I am trying to write, Sir," said he : "but I only know six letters, and those are a T, an H, an E ; and an S, an H an I, and a P." "You have reckoned seven," said Charles—"but how did you learn them?" "Yes, Sir," replied Joe, "I have reckoned the H twice ; but I learned them from the sign at the alehouse in the village. Somebody told me, that a T, an H, and an E, made THE ; and an S, an H, an I, and a P, SHIP ; for I can no more read than write ; but I would give any thing in the world, if I could. I should be so happy, that nothing would vex me afterwards."

“Then I will make you happy,” said Charles. “I am but a little boy ; but if you will mind to be ready for me every day at twelve o’clock, when I have learned my lesson from my Papa, I will come here and teach you ; I have an hour given me to amuse myself as I like ; and if you are as willing to learn as I shall be to teach you, you will soon be able to read and write as well as I do ; and, I assure you, Papa says I do both very well for a boy of my age.”

Both Joe and his mother were ready to fall on their knees to thank little Charles ; for it was what they both wished for above all things : and, the next morning, he put his book into his pocket, when his Papa dismissed him, and went to the fisherman’s hut, where he gave Joe his first lesson in reading ; and as soon as he had brought him a little forward, (having provided himself with, pen, ink, and paper,) he began to teach him to write.

Some months passed away in this manner, when a gen-

tleman, calling at the house, one morning, asked Charles's Papa, if he knew where his son was gone. He said, he supposed he was taking his usual walk, which he always allowed him to do at twelve o'clock, when his lesson was finished.

"I am afraid, Sir," answered the gentleman, "that he does not always amuse himself in a way you would approve of; I see him every day go at the same hour to the house of old Joe the fisherman, and I cannot imagine what pleasure he finds in such company, unless it is that he goes out with him in the boat."

Charles's Papa was a good deal alarmed at this intelligence, and also a little displeased; for he had so good an opinion of his son that he thought he might have trusted him to go any where, without fearing he would either get into mischief, or run into any kind of danger, particularly that of venturing on the river, which he had been ordered never to approach

The moment the gentleman had left him, he went out in search of Charles ; and as soon as he came near the river, began to look up and down, and on every side, with the utmost anxiety, in the hope of seeing the boat. But not perceiving any thing like it, he grew extremely uneasy, for he concluded that he was gone with old Joe a long way up the river. Not choosing to go home without gaining some intelligence of his son, he went up to the hut, and put his head into the window, which happened to be open, little expecting the agreeable sight which met his eyes. Charles was seated at the upper end of the kitchen table, ruling lines in a copy-book, whilst Joe was reading to him very attentively ; and his mother sat at her wheel in a corner of the room, but so delighted with the objects before her, that she forgot her work in the pleasure she felt at her boy's wonderful progress, and reflecting that she might, perhaps, live to see him clerk of the parish.

Charles was a little confused when he saw his Papa,

and feared he would be angry at his having undertaken such a task without his permission ; but he had no need to be uneasy : on the contrary, he was very much applauded ; and, the very next morning, was taken into the town, where he was presented with a great number of very pretty books, both for himself and Joe, with an inkstand for him, and a good quantity of writing paper and pens and ink. Charles was the happiest of all creatures, when he scampered away to the fisherman's hut, his little hands filled with the parcels, and his heart beating with joy : and his pleasure was increased when he spread out his presents on the kitchen table, to the wondering eyes of Joe and his mother.





THE PINCUSHIONS.

THE PINCUSHIONS.

MARY, LOUISA, and HENRIETTA, were the daughters of a gentleman of small fortune, who lived in the neighbourhood of Hanover-square; he had also four sons; so that though he had all possible inclination to assist the poor, and to relieve the wants of his fellow-creatures, he could seldom indulge himself in so great a pleasure; as the necessary expenses of so large a family put it almost entirely out of his power.

“My dear children,” he often said, “endeavour as much as possible to render little services to those who stand in need of them, whenever you have an opportunity; and do not be afraid of taking trouble to do so, it will lead you into no expense, and may, sometimes, prove of more value than money. I wish my income were equal to my inclination, for then I would urge you not to withhold that

either, when you meet with objects who are really distressed. But I have nothing to spare ; so far from it, that it requires mine and your mother's strictest economy to enable us to provide for the wants of so large a family, and to give you suitable educations.

The three young ladies often wished for money to give to every beggar they saw in the streets ; but they knew it was impossible : all they could do was, when they were going to walk on the Battery, to put a few cents, each from her weekly allowance into a little box, which they took with them, and distribute its contents among those who appeared to stand most in need of assistance.

One morning, when they had been taking a walk, and had crossed Broad-street into Pearl-street, in their way home, an enormous butcher's dog, covered with mud, running furiously from some wicked boys who were pelting him with stones, passed so near to poor little Henrietta, that she fell down on the pavement : and though she did

not hurt herself, she was so much splashed and dirtied, that it was impossible for her to go home without a hackney-coach.

The maid servant, who attended them, was very much distressed, not knowing what to do with her young ladies; the two others had not fallen, but they had all been frightened by the dog; and she found it necessary to take them into some house where they might have time to recover themselves, and send for a coach to go home in.

They were at the door of a poor little shop, where an old man was making a very common looking shoe; but he welcomed them so civilly, and begged them to walk in, and rest themselves in his old woman's room, with so much good humour, that they were glad to accept of his offer, and were much surprised at the neatness of the little place they were shown into, as well as pleased with the appearance of the good wife, who was sitting on a low chair, near the window, knitting a worsted stocking.

She was not accustomed to receive company; and Henrietta being the first who entered the room, dressed in a frock which had once been white, but was now covered with mud, and a hat, tippet, and gloves, nearly in the same state, Mrs. Humphreys was astonished, and taking off her spectacles, was going to exclaim, "Who have we here?" when her husband hobbled into the room with the rest of the party, and acquainted her with the accident which had befallen the young lady.

"Dear me!" said the good woman, "what a pity it is to see a nice frock in such a condition! Pray, ladies, be seated—but what shall I do? we have but three chairs."

Mary begged her not to give herself any trouble, said they were not fatigued, though they had been a little alarmed, and requested the old man to procure them a coach: offering to pay him for his time.

Humphreys was not a mercenary man; he did not wish to be paid, but was afraid he should tire their patience, if

they were obliged to wait for a coach till he could get one, for he was so lame that he could hardly walk. They were, however, glad to wait, for they had no other person to send; and though nearly an hour elapsed before his return, his old wife was so good-humoured and chatty, and entertained them so well, that they did not imagine he had been absent more than half that time; so that when they were told the coach was at the door, they were sorry to part from her, and wished her husband had been a little longer.

They could talk of nothing all the rest of the day, but of the cheerful old woman and her neat little parlour; and, the next morning, when they went to take their accustomed walk, they called (by their Papa's order) at the little shop, and gave Humphreys half a dollar, as a reward for his trouble and loss of time: for he had quitted his work, and been idle a full hour, merely to serve and oblige them.

The three sisters never after passed the window without

giving him a friendly nod, and inquiring after Mrs. Humphreys ; but, leaving town about six weeks afterwards, the country presented them with so many new amusements, they found so much to admire, so many things to delight them, that their adventure with the butcher's dirty dog, Pearl-street, and Humphreys and his wife, were quite forgotten.

The weather was remarkably fine, and Mary, Louisa, and Henrietta, were always out, sometimes rambling through fine woods, then gaining the summit of a neighbouring hill to look at the sea, and the white sails which were continually passing and repassing at a small distance from the land. Then they would descend into the valley, and follow the windings of the river, and visit the cottages, which were scattered on its bank.

In the mean time, poor old Humphreys, completely crippled by the rheumatism, which had now seized on both his hands, as well as his legs, unable to work, and having

no one to earn a penny for him, was suffering all the pain of confinement, want of fresh air, and proper nourishment : his wife, though old, being still healthy and alert, attended him, and watched over him with the greatest attention and care ; but her sight was too far gone to allow of her doing any thing for their subsistence, and they were reduced to the utmost penury.

The truth is, that they had never been much otherwise than pinched and straitened, since age had crept upon them, and prevented their earning money, as they had once done ; but they did not like to complain :—they contented themselves with what they could get, and were never heard to grumble or show the least sign of envy when they saw their neighbour's prosperity. Now, indeed, the case was altered ; and when the young ladies returned to town, their old walk on the Battery recalled to their memories the obliging couple in Pearl-street, when they found them bowed down by sickness

and distress, they no longer scrupled to make their wants known, and to acknowledge that they were in want of common necessities. Humphreys was as helpless as an infant ; and the good old woman, so worn out with fatigue and watching, that she was little better than her husband.

The amiable sisters, shocked at the distress of these poor people, instead of continuing their walk, returned home as fast as possible, and acquainted their Papa and Mamma with it ; instant relief was sent to them, and a worthy physician, who was a very intimate friend of the family, kindly undertaking to visit and prescribe for them, they were soon restored to their usual state of health. Humphreys thought himself strong enough to be able to return to his work ; but his hands still continued weak, and he could do but little, not sufficient to support his wife and himself, nor was it probable that, at his time of life, he would ever be able to do it, though he might for some time continue to gain a trifle every day.

Mary, Louisa, and Henrietta were very much interested in the welfare of the good couple, but knew not what plan to adopt for their relief; they were aware that their Papa and Mamma, with the best inclination in the world, could not continue to give them the assistance they had for some time afforded them; and since Humphreys could not earn enough by his work to support himself, and his wife could do nothing, it was absolutely necessary that they should be assisted by some means or other.

They talked the matter over every evening, and, even after they had retired to their beds (for they occupied one room;) for they proposed numberless schemes, without being able to fall upon any one that was likely to answer their purpose.

It was the fate of the youngest of the three sisters, who was the nicest little needle-woman, and the best pincushion-maker, of her age, in New-York, to think of something which, she said, she was sure would answer, and which

the two others caught at with eagerness : and they were all so much pleased and delighted with the scheme, that they knew not how to compose themselves to sleep, or wait patiently for the morning, to put it into execution. I cannot help observing, in this place, how fortunate it was for Humphreys and his wife, that neither Mary nor Louisa knew any thing of that silly jealousy which I have often witnessed, with much pain and regret, between children of one family. I could name many, I am sorry to say it, who would, in Mary's place, have been so angry that such a little creature as Henrietta should have shown more quickness than she had done, that she would have rejected the proposal, and treated it as ridiculous, merely from envy and jealousy, and in contradiction of a younger sister's opinion : and some Louisas there are also, who would have joined with her in laughing at it from the same unworthy motive.

Had this been the case, with regard to the scheme which Henrietta proposed, the good old couple would probably at

this moment be in the workhouse; instead of living comfortably, and enjoying the necessaries of life, as they now do; for Mary and Louisa, far from feeling any envy, were delighted at their little sister's cleverness, as they called it; and the moment the family met at breakfast, they were so eager to tell their Mamma of it, that they both spoke together, and it was some time before they could make themselves understood.

Their Mamma approving of their plan, it was agreed that no time was to be lost in putting it into execution: materials for pincushions, needle-books, thread-cases, work-bags, and a great number of other pretty things were to be collected from all their acquaintance, as well as from their dress-makers and milliners; their evenings were to be dedicated to the employment of making them; and part of the window in the little shop in Swallow-street was to be made nicely clean, in order to exhibit Mrs. Humphrey's merchandize.

Bits of silk and velvet, twist, gold and silver cord, span-

gles, and many other things of the kind, were sent from all quarters ; so that the large bag, which the sisters had appropriated to that use, was soon filled with materials for their charitable work, and continued to be as constantly supplied ; for all who heard of it, wished to contribute towards it ; and the milliners and dress-makers of all the ladies who visited at the house were laid under contribution.

The little window, though clumsy leather shoes were exhibited on one side of it, shone forth on the other with all the elegance of fashion. There were ruby pincushions, and fawn coloured needle-books, work-bags of every size and form, and such a variety of pretty things, that even ladies in their coaches stopped to purchase them.

The sale of these trifles made so good an addition to the work which Humphreys found the time to do, between his fits of rheumatism, that the old couple were enabled to live very comfortably ; and, having now the means of affording themselves proper nourishment, both the good man and his

wife were in better health when I last saw them, than they had been for many years.

The amiable sisters were recompensed beyond expression, by the pleasure they felt whenever they passed the little shop window ; and though they spent some of the summer months in the country, they always took care to leave enough with Mrs. Humphreys to supply her customers during their absence ; and it was a considerable augmentation of the pleasure they enjoyed in their rural excursions, that they could recollect the good people they had left in town, without feeling any anxiety about their situation.

THE REWARD OF BENEVOLENCE.

MRS. CLIFFORD being particularly satisfied with the attention her three children, Alfred, Robert, and Helen, had for some time past paid to their lessons, and to the instructions of their masters, told them she would treat them with

a charming walk in the woods on the opposite side of the river ; and that if they would carry some bread or biscuits with them, she thought they should have no difficulty in finding a house where they might procure some milk, and, instead of returning home to drink tea, she would spend the whole afternoon and evening in rambling about with them.

This was charming news for the young folks, who took care not to give her the trouble of waiting for them, for they were all three ready at least half an hour before the time she had appointed for their departure, which they looked forward to with the utmost impatience ; and the moment Mrs. Clifford joined them in the hall, away they all went, with joyful hearts and cheerful faces, through the field, and down the long lane which led to the ferry.

“ This is very pleasant, Mamma,” said Alfred ; “ I think I should never be tired of walking in the fields and woods ; yet, I must own, I do long for winter, that we may purchase the magic lantern we are to have. I think, with the guinea

Grandpapa has given each of us, and what we had before in our little purses, we shall be able to have a very large one."

"O dear!" exclaimed Helen, "how delightful it will be, to be able to see it as often as we please, and to show it to our friends; and, Mamma, do you know that Robert is to be the person to show it; for, he says, he can talk just like the man who came to our house last year?"

"So I can," answered Robert; "and I wish it were bought, that you might hear what a long story I shall tell you about the sun and moon; and the king of Prussia and his hussars; and the cat and the cook! I would rather have a magic lantern, than any thing in the whole world!"

Chatting in this manner, and amusing themselves by looking at different objects as they passed along, they found themselves at the ferry before they expected it; and the boat being just ready to put off, they stepped into it, and seated themselves with several others, who were going over to the other side of the river.

Their attention was very soon drawn to a poor woman, who, with an infant on her knee, and a little girl and boy by her side, whom she frequently kissed and pressed to her bosom, wept as if her heart were breaking. As soon as they were landed, Mrs. Clifford, stopping the woman, kindly inquired into the cause of her distress ; and was immediately informed by her, that she had lately lost her husband, who, having been long in an ill state of health, and unable to work, had left her encumbered with several debts, which she had not the means of paying ; and that though she laboured very hard, and had discharged some of the small debts, a hard-hearted man, to whom she owed six guineas, declaring he would not wait a day longer, had that morning seized upon her furniture, and all her little property, determined, as he said, to have his money before six o'clock, or to turn her and her children out to sleep in the high road, or where they thought fit.

She had been, she told Mrs. Clifford, to an uncle of her

husband, who lived at the market town, begging him to take pity upon her and her innocent children; but, "Madam," added she, "he was deaf to my entreaties, and turned me from his door; and I am now going home to see all my things taken from me; and what will become of us this night, God alone can tell!"

Mrs. Clifford was extremely affected by this melancholy tale, and walked with the poor unhappy woman to her cottage, where they really found two ill-looking men taking down the bed and packing up the furniture. The poor creature began to wring her hands and cry bitterly; and the children, though they did not understand what the men were going to do, clung to their mother, and would not move from her side.

Alfred, Robert, and Helen, were, however, old enough to understand perfectly well the distress of the poor woman, and the misery and wretchedness to which she and her helpless children were exposed; and, fortunately for her,

their tender and compassionate hearts immediately prompted them to endeavor to relieve her. The pleasure they had promised themselves in purchasing a magic lantern, and in being in possession of such an amusement for the long evenings of the approaching winter, appeared to them very trifling, in comparison to the delight of snatching this poor family out of the hands of the unfeeling wretches they had to deal with ; and, leading their Mamma into the little garden, they earnestly entreated her to take the three guineas their Grandpapa had given them, as well as the contents of their little purses, and to employ the whole to relieve the poor woman ; and, farther, they begged her, in the most pressing manner, to make up the deficiency.

Mrs. Clifford pressed them tenderly to her heart, expressing the greatest satisfaction at the resolution they had taken, and assured them she would make up the sum with the greatest pleasure, and that the proof they now gave of their feeling and humanity made them dearer to her than ev-

er ; adding, that she was certain four and twenty hours would not pass before they would be rewarded for their goodness.

The men were immediately stopped, the debt was discharged, and the furniture replaced in proper order. The poor woman knew not how to express her joy and her gratitude ; she scarcely knew what she was doing : but, at length, recollecting herself, she entreated Mrs. Clifford and her children to be seated, and accept of such refreshment as she had to offer them. Her little table was soon covered with a cloth as white as snow ; and fresh milk, eggs, butter, and a nice brown loaf were set before them, of which they partook with great satisfaction.

They did not quit this little family till a late hour, and could talk of nothing on their way home but the pleasure they felt in the reflection of having left them so happy ; of how they had been delighted when they saw the two hard hearted men walk out of the cottage, and how differently the poor wo-

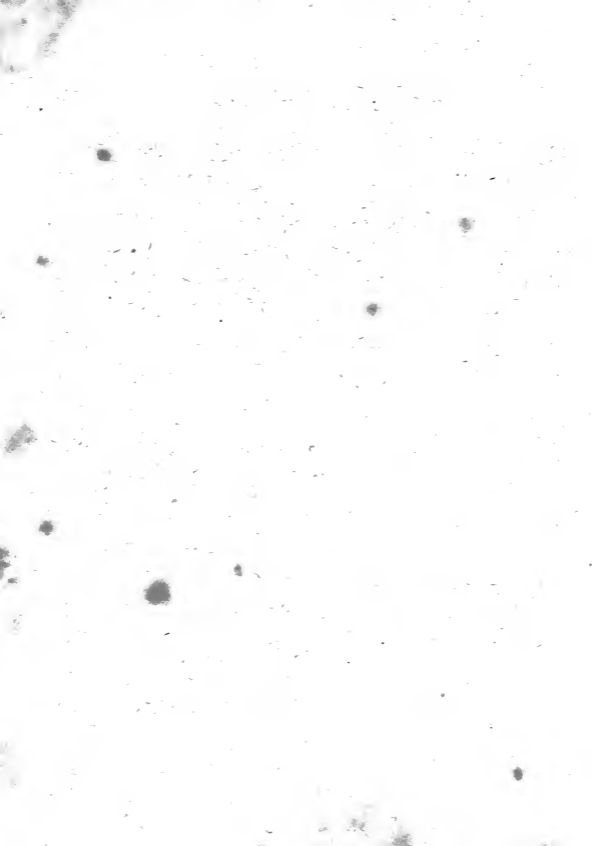
man and her children would pass the night, to what they might have expected. Alfred said, the good action they had done that afternoon, would be the pleasantest they could have to talk of in the winter evenings ; and Robert was of opinion, that a visit now and then to the cottage (which their Mamma had promised them) would afford prettier stories for him to repeat, than any thing he could tell of the King of Prussia or his hussars. As for Helen, she declared that her heart was so light, and she felt herself so happy and joyful, that she could almost jump over the moon.

They retired to rest in this pleasant disposition ; and they told their Mamma the next morning, that they had never been so happy in their lives ; that they went to bed, thinking on the good they had done, and, after thanking God, who had given them the means of doing it, they had immediately fallen into a sweet sleep ; that the moment they awoke they had found themselves in the same happy humour, plea-

sed with themselves, and with every body they saw : and were very well convinced that the magic lantern could never have procured them one quarter of the pleasure which they now felt, and which would be renewed every time they visited the poor woman at the cottage, and whenever they recollected her story.

‘ I told you, my children,’ said Mrs. Clifford, “ that four and twenty hours would not pass before you would be rewarded ; and you must now, I am certain, be well convinced, that the heart-felt pleasure arising from the reflection upon such an act of kindness and benevolence to a fellow creature in distress, is the greatest and most solid reward that could possibly have been bestowed on you ; far superior to, and more lasting than any satisfaction you could have procured by laying out your money in any other way.

THE END.





HOLIDAY



TALES.